JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 23, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

No. 988. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1924. TWOPENCE.

MORRIS'S TURKISH 'BLEND' Cigarettes
Have the genuine proportion of the world-famed Izmir growth of Turkish Tobacco.
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-.
Of all tobacconists.

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Dont miss 'BULLETS' BUMPER PRIZES

The SIGN POST TO HAPPINESS

by "A Gentleman with a Duster"

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

When they Burn, Smart, Swell, Itch, Blister, or form Corns and Callouses

NOTHING ELSE CAN BE COMPARED WITH

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Dissolved in plain water, it produces a highly medicated and oxygenated bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs providing:—

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME

The results of using Reudel Bath Saltrates are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us:—Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Billy Wells, Tom Payne, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, "Andy" Duent, Violet Loraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez.

TRADE MARK.

Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any chemist. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.

Saltrates Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

RHEUMATISM
CURED QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

"My RHEUMATISM has Completely Gone"

1, Argyle Street, Birkenhead. Dear Sirs,—I contracted a severe attack of Rheumatism. It became so painful that it was agonising to use the necessary gestures illustrating my songs. I tried several remedies without obtaining relief until I was recommended Urace. I cannot speak too highly of the benefits received. The Rheumatism has completely gone. I shall always recommend it to my brother and sister professionals.—Yours sincerely, LENA CARROLL, Comedienne.

CURED AFTER LIFE OF PAIN & SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

49, Eldon St., Sheffield. Dear Sir,—I suffered severely from acute Rheumatism and had no sleep for months, and doctors told me there was no cure. Before I had taken Urace a fortnight I had sleep and rest and was free from pain. Since taking Urace I have not lost one day's work through Rheumatism. —Yours sincerely, MR. WILSON.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 75, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. 1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Cramp	Nerve Pains
Lumbago	Rheumatism	Kidney Troubles
Gout	Backache	Sciatica, etc.

Tatcho-tone for Grey Hair.
25th ANNIVERSARY.

If you send in two empty cartons during this month you will receive free of a recoil, post-free even, the wonderful Wee, Bee Size Tatcho Hair Health Brush. Without cartons the Brush may be obtained of all Chemists and Stores.

Price 5s. 6d.

TATCHO CO., 5a, St. Cuthbert's St., London, W.C.2

GRAVES
SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

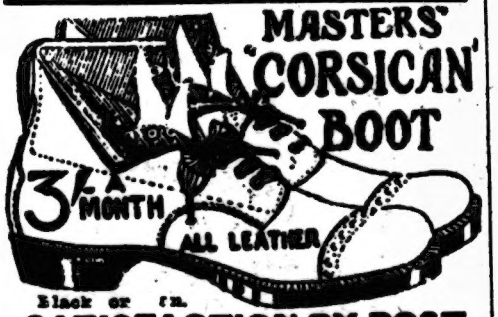
WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed

Finest Value in the World.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

MASTERS' "CORSICAN" BOOT



Black or Tan.

SATISFACTION BY POST

To prove the genuine quality of these "Corsican" boots, send a deposit of 3/- and have the boots to examine before paying anything further. The "Corsican" is our special brand, extra thick soles for hard wear, leather lined and built to satisfy the most particular and the price is only 22/6 cash or 25/- on easy terms within the reach of all 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied. Send 3/- and any size required. La ies' Shoes 25/- or 3/- monthly. PRICE LIST OF BOOTS AND WATCHES AS POST FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the Golden Set. If I desire to keep same I will remit P.O. for 2s. 6d. (which includes pocket clip and postage), and accept the 2s. 6d. "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. Otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt. State if broad, medium or fine nib.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Cross Cheque, P.O., "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 23.2.24

JOHN BULL'S Golden Gift Sets
including a
2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE!

Send No Money! Get Yours To-day.

It contains the 2s. "Masterpiece" Fancy Filler Pen with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, safety cap. Equal to pens costing 10/6. Written 3 years' guarantee. With every Pen is presented a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.

JOHN BULL'S
Great Free Insurance Gift
Worth 25/- to YOU
HUSBAND AND WIFE MAY BENEFIT.

IF you wished to take out through an Insurance Company an insurance equal to that offered you FREE by JOHN BULL, you would have to pay at least 25s.

Take FIRE alone—the most common and the most dreaded of all risks. This benefit, which is one of the most popular of all with our readers, is in itself worth 8s. per annum, and it is but one of the many offered.

Fire — Accident — Storm — Flood — Sickness—they all come when least expected.

If you have not yet done so, sign the forms now.

Also, the signing of the forms below by either man or wife is sufficient to qualify them BOTH for *all* benefits. As an instance of the blessing this bestows, we quote from a letter, typical of the many we receive every day:

"My wife is ill with smallpox and there is nothing coming in," writes Mr. J. Jackson, 2, Victoria Road, Cinderford, Glos. *Three weeks later we received a similar letter from the wife saying her husband had also been stricken down.* They each received £5 5s. Sickness Benefit, although only ONE had signed the forms. *Below are a few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:*

Fire
Up to £400

HIGHER INCE, Nr WIGAN, LANCS.—Mrs. MORRIS, 1, Russell Street, Belle Green Lane.
EDINBURGH.—GEO. KILGOUR, 2, Northfield Circus.
LONGSTRATTON, NORFOLK.—Mrs J. J. ALDRIDGE, New Cottages, Wacton.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. I. F. PRICE, 5, Kitchener Road.
PUDSEY, YORKS.—A. BREARLEY, 2, Troughton Place, Roker Lane.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. M. MCCORMACK, 13, Shepherds Loan, Perth Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 21, Salisbury Road, Saltley.
SHOTTON COLLIERY, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. COCKBURN, 136, Victoria Street.
DRESDEN, STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. FENTON, 27, Russell Street.
CARCROFT, Nr. DONCASTER.—WM. BITHROY, 21, New Village, Skellow.
CHESTER.—WM. CUMPSTEY, 6, City Road.
EDINBURGH.—WM. C. RIDGARD, 13, Arthur Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—T. DILLON, 188, Alcester Street, King's Heath.
BLAENGARW, GLAM.—Miss D. G. JOHN, 14, Brynbodw Terrace.
HOUNSLOW.—Mrs. MASON, 1, Rollit Crescent, Hanworth Road.
LONDON, E.—Mrs. MURPHY, 108, Cowley Street, Cable Street.
WILTS.—H. BROWNSEY, Compton Chamberlayne, Nr. Salisbury.
SCARBOROUGH.—Mrs. E. J. GOUGH, 1, Aberdeen Terrace.
STAFFS.—Mrs. A. BARNSLEY, 5, Fox Oak Street, Cradley Heath.
GOMERSAL, Nr. LEEDS.—Mrs. MARY FIRTH, 4, Reform Street, Birdacre.
ELTHAM, S.E.—Mrs. M. G. BAXTER, 35, Grenade Gardens.
HARLESTON.—Mrs. I. M. CRISP, North Green, Fulham St. Mary.
HONICKNOWLE, Nr. PLYMOUTH.—N. SACRE, 14, Horsham Cotts.
SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. BAIN, Roundside Cottage, Glenkindie.

Storm
Up to £300

DEVON.—E. J. D. MERRETT, 1, Marine Place, Sidmouth.
LEIGH.—Mrs. M. CLARKE, 9, Holden Street, Plank Lane.
LEIGH, LANCS.—GEO. DUCKWORTH, 19, Holden Street, Talbot Road, Plank Lane.
LEIGH, LANCS.—J. HURST, 3, Shovelton Street.
SMETHWICK, Nr. BIRMINHAM.—Mrs. F. BUTLER, 31, Arden Road.
FERRYHILL, CO. DURHAM.—R. MC MAHERS, 36, Parker Terrace.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

CARDIFF.—W. E. LLEWELLYN, 67, Charles Street, Abertysswg.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. WRAGG, 3, Dalton Cottage, Tapton Hill Road.
HUCKNALL, NOTTS.—AMOS CAIN, 92, George Street.
GLOUCESTER.—A. H. WILLETTS, Pear Tree Cottage, Whitecroft, Nr. Lydney.
FRASERBURGH, N.B.—Mrs. M. J. DONALDSON, Toolworks Cottage.
S. WALES.—Mrs. E. SANGER, 28, Coronation Terrace, Senybeny4d, Nr. Cardiff.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E.A. MCINTOSH, 709, Maryhill Road.
SOMERSET.—Mrs. G. D. WHITE, Conway Cottage, Cannington, Nr. Bridgewater.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. R. MEAD, 4, Cummings Huts, New Bridge Lane, Old Whittington.
WEST END, Nr. SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. CHAPMAN, 7, Council Place.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

CHESHIRE.—Mrs. A. PRESCE, 8, Stonefield Cottages, Winsford.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. NICHOLSON, 3/2 Reginald Street, Pitsmoor.
PLATT BRIDGE, Nr. WIGAN.—Mrs. E. J. MELLOR, 23, Victoria Road.
NEWHAVEN.—Mrs. B. STRANGE, 2, South View, Railway Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. J. LAWTON, 36, High Street, North Ormesby.
CAMBERWELL, S.E. 5.—Mrs. J. G. CROWN, 105, Beresford Street.
NOTTING HILL, W. 11.—THOS. CADDEL, 96, St. Anns Road.
CLAPTON PARK, E. 5.—Mrs. A. BARRY, 11, Oswold Mansions, Oswold Street.
POPLAR, E. 14.—Mrs. S. E. BUCK, 47, Blair Street.
HOLBECK, LEEDS.—Mrs. E. PEWELL, 7, Torbay Grove, Domestic Street.
PURLEY.—Mrs. A. E. GRAY, 45, Lansdowne Road.
NEATH.—Mrs. G. DAVIES, 19, Idwal Street.
RAWMARSH.—Mrs. E. J. WILLIAMSON, 36, Stocks Lane.
ROTHWELL, Nr. LEEDS.—Mrs. A. NEWTON 4, Victoria Avenue.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23.2.24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23.2.24.

Fine for Lumbago

Musterole drives pain away and brings in its place delicious, soothing comfort. Just rub it in gently.

It is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It will not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Use Musterole for coughs, colds, (it often prevents pneumonia), sore throat, neuralgia, headache, rheumatism, chilblains, pains and aches of the back or joints.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

JUNO BABY CARS

Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

Cash £2 19s. 6d. Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LIST NOW!

(Dept. D3), Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 168 & 240, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

SARTOLEUM CORK LINO.

Perfect quality, supplied direct at bargain prices

Cork Lino 2/9 per sq. yard;
Oilcloths 2/- per sq. yard.

SEND NO MONEY.

Call or write for Folder, showing full range of free patterns, also particulars of free gift.

FLOORCOVERINGS LTD. (Dept. 28), Exeter House, Derby St., CHEETHAM, Manchester.

2/6 Weekly

2/6 buys a No. 203A "Mead" Gramophone with giant horn, loud sound-box, massive polished oak case and 6 tunes. Carriage paid. 10 Days' Trial. 203 model 5gns cash to record buyers. Table Grands, Portables and Cabinet models at HALF SHOP PRICES. Write for Catalogue.

Mead Company (Dept. G.57) BIRMINGHAM.

ROSE - TREES - ROSES

All on Briar.

Mad. E. Herriott, Old Gold, Caroline Testout, K. of K., Gen. McArthur, Lady Hillingdon, Frau K. Druschki, Mrs. Geo. Sawyer, Cheerful, Ophelia, Laurent Carl, Mad. Ravary. The above 12 Roses, 2/-.

6 Lovely Rambler Roses, Pink, Scarlet White, Yellow, Blush, Crimson, 5/-; 3 for 2/9. Standard Roses, 3s.! Tall Weeping Roses, 2/6. 15 Carnations, 1/3. Standard Apples, Pears, Plums, 2/6. 12 Flowering Shrubs, 5/-. Climbing Col. 2/6.

All above Carriage Paid.

Send for our Catalogue. Great Bargains.

LETTS & SON,

Growers - - 18, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all

CATARRHAL TROUBLES

in Children and Adults

should be treated by

The KYNASTON Method

"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, Dr. Kynaston's Institute,

COMMANDANT MANSIONS, 24, VICTORIA STREET LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone: Victoria 184.

2/6 Weekly

In all you pay for our No. 203A "Mead" Gramophone—the finest outfit ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly toned, richly ornamented, and in colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled machines. Tyres and accessories 25% below shop price. Write for BARGAIN list, free, and catalogue.

Mead Cycle Company (Dept. G.57), Birmingham.

£5 15s. CASH

THE FASCINATION OF "EASY."

HAIR GROWING DISCOVERY.

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:

"The small photo, taken from a football group, will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains genuine bear fat, the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with threepence in stamps to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53B3), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

6d Per Stick.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

E 124—143

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

GOOD LUCK

FOLLOWS JU-JU, THE NIGERIAN MASCOT

Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Armed with the Ju-Ju's mysterious powers of attracting good fortune, everything you touch will turn out well. Read what some of thousands of lucky ones write—

"The Ju-Ju brought me the best of luck."
M, M, W, Bromwich.

"I have found mascot very lucky."
J, J, N., Dublin.

"It has brought me most astounding good luck"
M, F., Manchester.

Never mind what sceptics say; wear a Ju-Ju and confound them with the amazing way you will prosper and profit in every field. Adopt Ju-Ju and bid farewell to ill-luck.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post free
9ct. Gold ... £1 }

JU-JU SOCIETY,
6, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate-rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

Money refunded if not approved.

BABY CAR BARGAINS.

MANUFACTURERS' EXHIBITION STOCK
Cash or Easy Payments.

Less than Half Cost.
1st Prizes.
SENT ON APPROVAL BEFORE PURCHASE.
6½ & 8 gns.
Carriage Paid.

Also Bargains in Victorias, Folding Push Cars, Cots, and Baby Chairs.

BALL BEARING WHEELS, Motor Panelled Body 39 in.
CALL or WRITE at once for particulars.
UNIVERSAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION,
9, Universal House, Salisbury Square, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

A £2:2:0 Press for 6/6

POST FREE.

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel plated fittings, 8/3 post free. Ireland 3d. extra for registration. Compact; lightweight; packs in suit case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY DRESS WELL

Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded upon return in good condition. Send for list of other lines.

The "COOPER-Val"

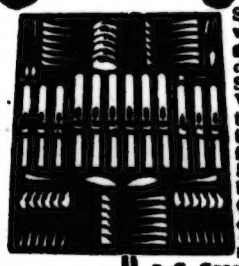
Unlike any other press, Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain.

The Cooper Collapsible Box Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 328), Clarendon Wks., HULL

GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY

Complete service of 48 pieces, £3:5:0 (without case). The finest Stainless Steel Knives with ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons and Forks. Wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 5/- monthly. Money back if disappointed.

5/- NOW



CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery, and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

£1,000 for a 1d.

Great New
Picture Post Card COMPETITION
in aid of
St. Paul's Hospital

TO-DAY'S SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST FASCINATING COMPETITION FOR EVERYONE.

Twelve beautiful photogravure Picture Post Cards will be forwarded to all applicants sending 1/-. Every P.C. bears a detachable coupon representing an opportunity to win one of the many big prizes. Each Post Card is a work of art. The selection comprises the finest views of London taken from the ground and the air, and nowhere can better value be obtained for one penny.

SEND 1/- TO-DAY AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS WONDERFUL OFFER — TWELVE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE POST CARDS, AND TWELVE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES OF WINNING £1,000.

All you have to do is to detach, fill in, and return each coupon to the address below.

1 set of 12 Post Cards for 1/-
6 sets ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, 5/-
12 ,, ,, ,, ,, ,, 10/-

Send your remittance TO-DAY. Cheques and P.O.'s should be made payable to J. M. Black, ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL COMPETITION, 10, HOSPITAL BUILDINGS, 28, BETTERTON ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

Obtainable for One Penny each at all Booksellers, Stationers, and Picture Post Card Dealers throughout the British Isles.

PRIZES.

Prize Money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st. £1,000 3rd. £100 30 of £10
2nd. £400 4th. £50 30 of £5

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

The greatest wash-day boon ever invented. The new and improved "SWIFSURE" Patent BALL-VALVE VACUUM Washer is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES
NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING

100,000 Satisfied Purchasers Made of Solid Copper.

Carr. 19/6 paid.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFTSURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Send for our Bargain List of Labour Saving Appliances
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER & CO. (Dept. 30) Liverpool

Manufacturer's Special Offer to 'John Bull' Readers

60% SAVED

RIDING BREECHES

Direct from centre of clothing industry

32 to 42 in. waist in Khaki Bedfords & Grey or Brown Whipcords.

10/6

Please state height when ordering. If cut to measure only 2/- extra. Other qualities up to 45/- per pair

Patterns sent gratis on request.
Range A. 12/6 to 21/- per pair.
Range B. 21/- to 45/- ,, ,,
Please state range required.

Perfect fit and full satisfaction guaranteed.

CALDENE CLOTHING CO
(Dept. J.B.),
Ribbon Bridge, YORKS.

GRAMOPHONES

Best value in the World.

GRAVES

5/- NOW

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14x7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive, finest quality Sound Box Price £3:10:0

Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money back in full if in any way disappointed

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

"THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8

I must get some Clarnico Lily Brazils

8d per ¼ lb.

Two of the Very Best!

SUNRIPE MIXTURE & CIGARETTES

"The Crowning Delight— A pipe of SUNRIPE"

1/- per oz pkt

2oz 2/4 TINS

SUNRIPE CIGARETTES
Stand alone for SIZE and TONE
10 for 6d
20 for 1/4 also 50's

2/6 A WEEK or CASH from £4 15/-

Save Pounds and get a superb British-made JUNO Finest construction throughout. Beautifully plated, handsomely lined. Sent on approval, carriage paid. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money refunded if dissatisfied. List Free. Write Now (Dept. D2),

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD., 16 & 248 Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.2.

JUNO

ART LISTS FREE!

What Do You Lack?

THE prize-winners in the last of the series of shopping competitions are :—

1st Prize £5 : Mrs. M. A. Houghton, Ivy Bank, Arehway Road, Huyton, near Liverpool.

2nd Prize £1 : May Booth, Primrose Cottages, Midland Road, Pontefract.

Attractive consolation prizes have been forwarded to 50 other competitors.

There must be some article about which you want information. Readers must have favourite firms whose advertisements they would enjoy perusing.

Can you find in JOHN BULL the particular advertisement for which you have been watching? We want to know, and we are again offering attractive prizes to those who give us the information we seek in the neatest way.

There is no entrance fee and efforts may be sent in on postcards.

For the best statement *in not more than 12 words* of what advertisement you would like to see in JOHN BULL that does not already appear there, and why, we offer, as before, £5, £1 and 50 consolation prizes.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive here not later than first post, Wednesday, Feb. 27.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners:

(Continued from page 30)

19, Woodhouse St., Stoke-on-Trent; J. Fielding, 5, Maple Rd., Highfield, Farnworth, Lancs.; H. Foster, 20, Montague St., Lower Broughton, Salford; Mrs. M. Fry, Westbourne Villa, Worcester St., Bromsgrove; A. E. Garner, 12, Portman St., Leicester; R. C. Ham, 2, Mount Pleasant, St. Blazey, Cornwall; J. Heath, 256, Sherwood St., Nottingham; Miss P. Hedges, "South Downs," High Salvington, Worthing; J. W. Hedges (staff), R.M. Hospital, Stone, Aylesbury; J. Higginson, 43, Station St., West, Coventry; A. S. Hines, 7, Rosslyn Av., Barnes; Mrs. L. Hirons, 115, Long St., Atherstone; A. Hoolton, 3, Seymour St., Chorley; W. T. Hornsby, Lion Garage, Berwick-on-Tweed; T. Housley, 84, Empress Rd., Derby; Mrs. C. Hughes, 84, Crawford Av., Sefton Park, L'pool; G. Hunt, 43, Copenhagen St., Barnsbury; H. J. Jordan, 5, Canada Rd., Woolston, Southampton; E. G. Kay, 6, Holly Grns., Southchurch Rd., Southend; Mrs. N. Kelly, 11, Brunswick Pl., Hotwells, Bristol; Miss V. Keene, 22, Cumberland View, Lancaster; J. Kennedy, Bowes Cottage, New Cumnock; Miss E. J. Ketterer, 37, Robertson Rd., Eastville, Bristol; C. W. King, 21, Whitehall Lane, Blades Green, Erith; J. A. Lamb, 130, King Edward's Rd., B'ham.; C. H. Lambert, 121, Newbridge Rd., Bath; A. Malham, 24, Ash St., Otley Rd., Bradford; G. May, Compton Chase, Windsor Rd., Maidenhead; Mrs. B. M. McDonnell, 194, Shaw Lane, Hadfield, Derbys.; S. Marston, Market Pl., Swadlincote; N. Morrison, 36, Billson St., Millwall, Poplar, E.; J. Mulgrew, 4, Beresford Rd., Armagh; Mrs. T. Parr, 10, Church Hill, Newhaven, Sussex; E. M. Patrick, 35, Askew Rd., Shepherd's Bush; G. H. Pearce, 2, Sandy Cotts., Little Heath, Herts.; H. S. Pemberton, 19, Stafford St., Leicester; W. Phillips, Tunnachapel, Plymouth; A. E. Pilley, 20, Empress Av., South Chingford; R. E. Rawlins, "Cambral," Hamstel Rd., Southend; D. Richards, 18, Dinas St., Cardiff; T. H. Richardson, 32, Boswall Drive, Edinburgh; M. Roberts, 86, Jubilee Rd., Aberaman; R. Robinson, 190, Twyford Av., Portsmouth; E. Roebuck, 199, Kilnhurst Rd., Sandhill, Nr. Rotherham; C. Rosier, 5, Blue Row, Beaumont, Clacton; M. Routley, 22, James St., Mardy, Glam.; T. W. Rozier, West St., Harwich; G. Salway, The Lippiatt, Cheddar; T. P. Scobbie, 174, Kirkewhite St., Nottingham; S. D. Shawe, "Fairview," Cedar Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Mrs. Sheppard, c/o 18, Florence St., Barrow-in-Furness; P. H. Shiber, 42, Gladstone St., Birkenhead; G. Sinclair, 12, Third Av., Victory Gdns., Rebrew; Miss H. Smith, 67, Lincoln Rd., Portsmouth; Mrs. Spencer, 43, Chorley St., St. Helens; A. J. Strange, 11, Lascelles Terr., Eastbourne; J. Tait, 63, Queen's Rd., Farnborough, Hants.; Mrs. H. Tate, 108, Griffin Rd., Ptumstead; C. E. Tattersall, 255, Thomas St., West Gorton, M/c.; A. Taylor, 124, Poppleton Rd., York; H. Thirlwell, 35, Baltic Terr., Fallion, Sunderland; J. H. Thornberry, Muliaghmore, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone; L. Tinsley, 8, All Souls Av., Harlesden; P. P. Tyler, 9, Burgess Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Miss Walker, 1, Crescent Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, M/c.; C. L. Walker, Castledene, Gerrard's Cross; E. Walters, 6, Lyndhurst Rd., Oldfield Park, Bath; P. L. Watts, 48, Castle Rd., Chatham; H. Whistler, 18, Erlanger Rd., New Cross; J. Williams, 25, Dufferyn St., Mountain Ash; E. F. Wilson, West Hill, Alresford, Hants.; A. Wilson, 14, Sunnyside, Malpas, Ches.; T. Wrench, Maybosough, Tarraway Rd., Paignton; J. Wrigley, 11, Montague Rd., Hillsboro', Sheffield.

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By stating plainly that "snap divisions" will be ignored, the Government has passed sentence of death on questionable Party tactics. There is no place in serious Government for school-boy wrecking methods.

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The Government does not propose to make strikes illegal. This continued indifference to the public interest will have to cease. Compulsory arbitration is the obvious way out.

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The Government has already taken steps to get mentally affected ex-Service men out of pauper institutions. Thus an old-standing scandal is remedied by acting first and talking afterwards.

Ground for Hope.

With Labour in power the whole psychology of European diplomacy has altered. But there is still every possibility of failure. A settlement that leaves any sores behind will be worse than none.

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Now that Labour has attained the dignity of Government, cannot someone provide a substitute for the anæmic nonsense that at present does duty for a battle hymn? Connell's doggerel would not inspire a Sunday-school treat!

Waiting on Fate.

We are growing tired of the importance of the international situation in relation to unemployment being made a perpetual excuse for inaction. We want to see, without delay, those plans for *immediate* work the Labour Party said they had up their sleeve.

The Empire's Ambassador.

The announcement that the Prince of Wales hopes to resume his duties within such a short time of his accident disquiets us. Even the Prince of Wales needs rest occasionally.

Protection Goes.

It is a far cry to the days when Disraeli declared Protection to be "not only dead but damned," and the Conservative Party has reaped the reward of spurning his judgment. Now it has been jettisoned, and the country is all the better for it.

Remember Our Tip.

Mr. Baldwin remains as leader of the Party—for the present. But he is a mere figure-head during a period of reconstruction. Before Conservatism is again an effective force it will have to evolve a new policy and find a new leader.

End It!

The Honours List is a frank recognition of service to Party and nothing else. We want to see in future an Honours List that will reward service to the nation—and political service is not by any means the most important.

Restoring our Self-respect.

We feel it is due to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to comment on the dignity with which he has begun his handling of our Foreign affairs. It is a welcome change from the childish petulancy that has marked the past few years.

A Bad Beginning.

The Unemployed Grants Committee has refused to allow the Middlesbrough Corporation to buy French cement, thereby putting them into the hands of the rings. A queer move for a Party that is out to abolish trusts!

The Spur—

What everything else has failed to do, the mere mention of the word "tax" in France has accomplished. Things are moving in consequence towards a new International Conference. Money speaks as loudly to nations as to individuals.

—And the Brake.

The French Press is already hard at work trying to crab such a gathering in advance. But hard facts are stern teachers, and the days when politicians bowed to the dictates of newspapers are over.

Mussolini on Top.

A keen rivalry is in progress between France and Italy for the friendship of the Balkan nations. France's whole foreign policy is crumbling to dust. With its destruction will arise new hope for sanity in European affairs.

Home to Roost.

The terrible riots in the Palatinate are the logical fruits of stubborn oppression. We forecasted another Ireland, unless France ceased organising resistance. We were tragically right.

The Only Way.

Russia's reply to her recognition by Britain is to stress the importance of her restoring her credit in this country. Only two things are necessary—a frank acknowledgment of her debts, and a willingness on the part of British business men to give her the means of honouring her bond.

First-fruits.

The immediate results of recognising Russia seem likely to be a fall in the price of eggs, due to large consignments from that country. Always supposing that the profiteers do not get their claws in first. We shall keep a sharp eye on them.

The Death Providers.

The League of Nations has advanced a further step in its efforts to prevent the uncontrolled traffic in arms. Until the manufacture of armaments is put entirely into the hands of Governments, we shall be no nearer abolishing war.

Moving Forward.

Both Britain and America are strongly in favour of calling a new International Conference to deal with the question of disarmament. The time is ripe for an agreed reduction all round. Get on with it!

Wrong—Always Wrong.

The *Morning Post* says that the only alternative to the Versailles Treaty is another European war. We don't expect to be believed by the *Morning Post* when we say that the real alternative is a just and solid European peace.

Silly Twaddle.

We are tired of the endless controversies as to what really happened in Paris in 1918. We know. A thoroughly bad peace was arranged by incompetent people. Why not leave old quarrels alone and rebuild the ruins they made?

Eminently Sensible.

Sir Kingsley Wood's Bill to incorporate Summer-time in the calendar should have little difficulty in becoming law. Summer-time is welcomed by all except a few stubbornly obstinate interests.

Narrow-mindedness.

We have every sympathy with the Musicians' Union, but when they prevent a visit from the Vienna State Opera we disagree. The one commodity which demands a free market is Art.

Progressing Backwards.

We can see no justification for the attempt that is being made to exclude bank clerks from taking any public part in politics. Such unwarranted interference with the liberty of the citizen belongs to the days of Old Sarum.

Bankrupt!

Russia has ceased to subsidise the Communist Party. Bankrupt in money, as they always were in constructive ideas, their final disappearance from British politics is now ensured.

Retribution at Last.

General Ludendorff is to be tried for high treason. One by one the chief organisers of the world war are meeting their deserts, and humanity is learning a lesson it will find difficult to forget.

Poor Rothermere!

With the official Government statement, of the real relations of the British Labour Party to the Socialist International, another *Daily Mail* mare's-nest has gone west. Since the Election the Fat Boy of Fleet Street has suffered one humiliation after another.

An Urgent Business.

The appointment of a committee to go into the muddle of the Imperial Wireless Chain indicates that something is going to be done. Monopoly has held up this vital project far too long.

And Why Not?

The proposal to broadcast the King's speech at the opening of the Empire Exhibition is one we hope will be carried through. The Empire peoples must hear the actual voice of its First Gentleman.

The Only Way.

During the war we all learned how to limit our consumption of commodities. If this were practised for a few weeks, some of the food speculators would go bankrupt. We, at any rate, would shed no tears if they did.

Cancer Research.

That there is to be real co-ordination of effort in attacking the problem of cancer is very welcome news. The British Empire campaign has not been an overwhelming success. Now there is promise of an elimination of overlapping, and of money expended where it will produce the best results.

A Good Judge!

"You look ill! I will send you to the seaside for three weeks," said Sir Thomas Granger to a Southwark debtor who had come from hospital to the County Court. The kind deed excelsis!

Rosina's the Girl!

Only sixteen, Rosina May Williams, a Lee lass, has the pluck of a regiment. She dashed into a blazing room, picked up a baby from a perambulator that was a mass of flames and carried it to safety. The poor babe has died. We condole with the bereaved parents and are sorry that Rosina's pluck was not followed by the luck that it deserved. She is a girl Lee should honour.

Starting Well.

When Bailie M'Kellar took his seat for the first time at Dunoon Police Court, the case he had to deal with was that of a young fellow who was convicted of a breach of the peace and fined 5s. He asked for time to pay, but the Bailie quietly remarked, "Never heed about that—I'll pay your fine." A man who can do a generous action with such simplicity and absence of ponderous legal technicality, is a Magistrate to our liking.

Her Life for a Child.

Although almost smothered in flames, Mrs. Dunphey, wife of the superintending electrical engineer at the Wood Green generating station, thought only of her baby's safety. When something went wrong with an oil heating stove, Mrs. Dunphey attempted to remove the stove but her clothes became saturated with paraffin and were quickly alight. She rushed out of the house, but realising that her child might enter the burning room she ran back to prevent it doing so. The poor woman, who was terribly burned, died in the local hospital. But her baby is alive!

Mrs. Gadsden's Sympathy.

Mrs. Gadsden, of 258, Elgin Avenue, London, must cultivate her bump of sympathy. From evidence given in Marylebone Police Court it isn't the size of a marble as yet. Claude Minton, her chauffeur, a lad of twenty, was brought to book for driving the car while drunk. He said he was ill with influenza, but had to do a hard day's work and drive his mistress and her pals home from a theatre. One of her friends gave him a drink, and he went for a drive and was pulled up. Minton was fined; we hope he gets a better job where hearts are kinder.

Starvation or Prison.

"I told a lie to get food," said Mary Ann Miller, an elderly woman summoned at Cardiff for making a false statement to a relieving officer. She had declared that she had no income, and it was found that a soldier son had sent her a few shillings a week. "I ought to send you to prison," retorted the Stipendiary, but in consideration of her good character he fined her 20s. and costs, or seven days in default. He omitted to explain how she was to find the money, so presumably the poor old soul must starve herself to pay the fine or else go to jail.

A Scandalous Appointment.

Cardiff City Council recently advertised for a school attendance officer, stipulating that candidates must be over thirty and under forty-five years of age, married, and with war service. There were 662 applicants, and 49 who complied with these conditions were selected for further consideration. Their claims were passed over, and the appointment was given to a man above the maximum age limit, unmarried, with no war service whatever. It is nothing short of a scandal that men should have had to make application for an appointment obviously cut and dried.

The Quality of Mercy.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but that the bobbies and beaks of Hastings make it as easy as possible, was shown by the kindness meted out to Edward Butt, of Lennox Street, who, driven to desperation by poverty and his wife's illness, resorted to theft to alleviate his family's want. The detectives in charge of the case, finding the one-roomed hovel he calls home devoid of bed, bedding and food, and his wife lying on the floor too ill with hunger and influenza to attend to her two babies, immediately bought in the necessities, lit a fire, and prepared a meal. And Butt's debt of gratitude was added to by a warm-hearted cadi putting him on probation. Hastings should be proud of its law representatives.

Gassing the Profits.

Residents of Seaham Harbour, Durham, are trying to solve a mystery. Seaham coal goes to London and is converted into gas which sells at 4s. 7d. a thousand cubic feet. When the same coal is kept at Seaham and made into gas, 5s. 9d. is charged. The profits of the local gassers are, like their gasometers, inflated.

Mean!

Airdrie Sheriff Court did a wise thing in sending William Matthews of Uphall to prison for sixty days. After running up a bill for 30s. for board and lodgings from a poor miner's wife he decamped, taking with him a pair of shoes which he had persuaded the woman to buy for him! Mean conduct such as this deserves to be smartly punished.

Turvey's Craft.

When Frederick Turvey returns from two months' hard labour to his general shop in Grainger Street, Peckham, the police must keep an eye on him. Two lads, one eleven and his mate twelve, were arraigned for stealing two oak planks from a barge. Turvey took one plank, knowing it to be stolen. The case against one lad is adjourned and the other boy is on probation. Turvey must be stopped from turning young Peckham's ideas of honesty topsey-turvey.

Up the Ladder.

We extend congratulations to P.C. Parker, now appointed Chief Constable of Stalybridge after only a year in the Force. In the war Parker won his way up to the rank of major, and we are glad to see that an ex-officer who has taken his coat off to a humble job is forging ahead. There are thousands who wish they had the chance of starting where he did, but their wounds won't let them. We shall watch Parker's progress.

The Human Machine.

OILED WHEELS.

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

To say of a man that "he takes the line of least resistance" is held to imply a serious reproach.

True, used in a certain sense, the phrase does mean that such a man is lacking in moral calibre, unable to fight temptation, drifting aimlessly wherever the tides of life carry him.

All the same, one of our most pressing problems is so to think and act that the human machine runs with as little effort and strain as possible.

Work in itself is not unpleasant. It is when the work involves strain that it becomes a labour.

For the most part we become weary, irritable and worn-out, not because of what we do, but because of what we do not do.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is ancient advice, but it contains a profound psychological truth.

The man who is absorbed heart and soul in his work during the day finds the work flow easily; he goes home, tired maybe, but with a reserve of nervous energy, ready for his hobbies and his pleasures.

The man who has to be continually stifling thoughts of things outside his work, killing desires to be elsewhere, and side-stepping wishes for unattainable pleasures, goes home with frayed nerves, physically and mentally exhausted.

The energy that should have been driving the machine smoothly along the paths of well-ordered work has been dissipated in fighting useless battles. He has no reserves left.

The line of least resistance in work PAYS. It can be attained by concentrating on the job in hand and refusing to be led aside by irrelevant details.

The discontented worker is a mental martyr, and voluntary martyrdom is never a paying game.

The Bad Schoolmaster.

As headmaster of Garndiffaith Council School it was the duty of David Lewis Bailey to set a right example to the lads who came to him for instruction. But instead of doing that he practised abominations, and submitted the boys to wholesale corruption. For such a prurient monster jail has no fitting punishment. He ought to be delivered into the hands of the parents.

Medicine for Thugs.

When in one morning we read of two cases of brutal assault and robbery we rubbed our eyes and wondered if we were in the United States. A caretaker of premises in Upper Thames Street, London, was bashed over the head and plundered, while in Manchester a man was stabbed in the back, robbed, gagged and tied to railings by thugs. Until judges take our tip and administer the lash to brutal bashers there will be no respite from these outrages.

"They shall be as One."

In all things a man and his wife should be One. When Mrs. F. Jackson, of 2, Victoria Road, Cinderford, Glos., was taken ill with smallpox her husband applied to us for the benefit under our free Insurance Gift. Then later the husband himself was attacked with the disease, and the wife made application! In their direful circumstances our help was welcome, and emphasises the value of our gift which provides benefits for husband and wife on registration of either.

What a Man!

"I prefer not to give evidence," James Sutcliffe, a married man, had the impudence to say when the inquest opened on Mrs. Annie Clarke, wife of a fellow resident of Sowerby Bridge. A stern rebuke made him change his mind. He left his sick wife and went drinking with Mrs. Clarke, whose husband was minding the children. From the canal bank both fell into the water, and crawled out. Sutcliffe slunk home, leaving the woman to return alone. Next morning she was found drowned. Sutcliffe is a disgrace.

Clothes make the—Woman!

Mrs. Docherty, 65, Reid Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow, succeeded in luring her ten years old child from an industrial school in Maryhill where she was being detained for various frauds on grocery firms in the east end of the city. After removing part of the industrial school clothing, the mother sent the girl to Edinburgh, and, becoming alarmed lest she might be arrested, removed her to Blackpool, where the child was traced and brought back to Maryhill. Some children get good mothers. The others are the unfortunates.

The Homecoming.

John Bunyan said that he that is down need fear no fall. It is not true. Mr. H. Tremlett, 69, Bartholomew Buildings, Goswell Road, E.C., who is not much more than a boy, made an error which he is trying to retrieve, and which he expiated under the law. This done, he came home to find his wife, who was expecting to become a mother, in rooms vacated for her by her father and for which she was paying the rent. The landlord, who took this rent from her, now refuses to take it any more and intends to turn this little family out. We appeal to him to take a risk with human nature and give the under-dog a chance. A landlord is none the worse for having a human heart.

Making It Harder.

Ex-Service men entitled to treatment allowances have to make application on a form which requires to be countersigned by a magistrate, minister of religion, police officer, or officer in charge of an office of the Ministry of Pensions. We receive frequent complaints that the last-named officials show a marked disinclination to sign these forms, and their refusal often compels cripples to hobble about on crutches seeking a signature from someone else. Surely the senior clerks in the Pensions offices are not so hard-worked that they cannot spare the time to do this.

Prowley Crowley.

Crowley the arch-priest of Cefalu, whose records as told in JOHN BULL from time to time have made our readers gasp with horror, is on the prowl again. He has recently emerged from his hole in the east—to be precise, Tunis—where he has been lying low for some time. Here, he says, he has been engaged in writing his auto-hagiography—whatever that may mean—doubtless later to be published, for very private circulation, on abnormally high subscription rates. We shall keep our eyes on him!

Suffer Little Children.

A kind-hearted woman reader of JOHN BULL offered to adopt an orphan child in reply to an advertisement from the Mission of Hope, Birdhurst, South Croydon, which sought a Christian home for a four weeks' infant who was healthy and friendless. The offer was refused, as it is "against the rules" to let friendless children go into kindly *Catholic* homes, which are apparently not regarded by these children's friends as Christian. Until this theological controversy is settled, the homeless child must remain homeless.

Shy Sherlock Holmes.

John Mawby Cole, the shy Sherlock Holmes of Dale's Private Detective Society at Bristol, whom we exposed recently, was evidently scared by the beams of our searchlight. The day after our article "Thieves to Catch Thieves" was published, he was summoned on a charge alleging fraudulent conversion of money collected on behalf of one of his dupes, but he failed to put in an appearance at Bristol Police Court, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest. "If you see it in JOHN BULL——!"

"A Leech in Petticoats."

Under this heading we referred recently to the callous house-farming of Mrs. Olivier of Sheffield. Further evidence in our possession proves her to be a disgrace to that City. At the rear of her house in Mushroom Lane are old couches, dressers and chairs with which she "furnishes" her highly-priced apartments. Almost nightly there are disturbances caused by half-starved tenants protesting against her treatment. This woman is bringing great discredit on the district in which she lives; her removal is overdue.

Herbs and Huff.

A magazine called "The Herb Doctor" chastises JOHN BULL because we protested in the case of a little boy who died of undiagnosed diphtheria after having been, until a few minutes of death, in the charge of a British herbalist who was a local preacher and an ex-railwayman. Many equally indignant letters from herbalists have also reached us. We repeat that we still think it a scandal, and regret that the law has no more adequate means of dealing with herbalist charlatans.

Mac on the Make.

James McCabe, 6, Suffolk Street, Glasgow, has a queer way of making money. Applying to the Glasgow Parish Council for a pair of boots, a suit of clothes and some articles of underclothing in order that he might procure a situation, McCabe—within an hour of receiving the goods—made his way to the pawn office in the Gallowgate, where he offered the boots on pledge. Unfortunately for him, however, two detectives happened to be in the pawn office at the time, and took him into custody. Now McCabe will have time to think over his impudence.

A Sane Suggestion.

A reader interested in our recent leading article on "Sane Lunatics" puts forward a suggestion for the improvement of mental hospitals with which we are in cordial agreement. It is that a reading-room supplied with suitable literature should be set aside in every such institution for the use of patients who are only slightly afflicted, where for a few hours each day they might find refuge from the incoherent babbling of hopeless imbeciles which so often retards a cure. We commend the idea to the sympathetic consideration of the Minister of Health.

Yellow and White.

Only when it is too late do many young girls become aware of the moral contamination they risk by frequenting Chinese quarters in some Northern cities. And because their white victims are too ashamed to speak of the horrors perpetrated in some of the dens of vice, yellow prurients escape punishment. It is therefore up to the police to suppress the scandal.

15,000-Mile Arm of the Law.

Samuel McCurry, who married in Brighton and deserted his wife and child, is now basking in the sunshine of New South Wales while his family are in the cold grip of want. Brighton magistrates have made an order of 28s. a week against the runaway husband and the New South Wales Government are going to make things hot for McCurry. Justice is Imperial!

Tired Tom.

The Worsbro' Dale miner, Thomas Howson, takes the cake as Britain's laziest, but he is probably too idle to eat it. Work he does not like. The other day he had to get in a load of coals, and gave the shovel to his poor wife telling her to do the job, though it was raining. Howson's portion during the next three months is hard labour under supervision. And it may do him good.

Marriage for Fun.

It isn't wise to take marriage as a joke. Kenneth McFarlane, of Glasgow, and a Dumfries girl did. They wedded and then returned to their parents, and McFarlane later "married" in a more serious mood. His girl friend remembered one day that she was a wife and turned up. So cross was she when she saw him with another woman that she went to the police and McFarlane goes to jail for six months. Marriage isn't a game!

Problems of Life

THE MIGHT OF DESIRE.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THERE are many men of steady purpose who would smile at the idea of saying their prayers: they would say they gave that up when they left Sunday school.

As a simple matter of fact they have never left off saying their prayers, and never will while they live.

They get their prayers answered, too, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil.

Emerson has taught us that all men are always praying and that all prayers are answered, therefore we should be careful how we pray.

This only means that persistent concentrated desire tends to fulfil itself, and that life is so ordered as to give everybody pretty much what he earnestly seeks.

You may not consciously pray to anyone, but you are praying all the same if your heart is unwaveringly set upon some definite object.

If you want it hard enough, you are quite likely to get it, but you may be sorry afterwards.

A.C. Benson says he has noticed that things he has wanted have a way of coming even after he has ceased to want them, so he has learned to be wary of cherishing ardent desire: he thinks it best to make very sure of the wisdom of a desire before uniting his will to it.

We say of some unscrupulous characters that they have the devil's luck in their undertakings. So they have; that is precisely it; they get what they want because their minds are set upon it and never let go.

Circumstances and opportunities combine to favour them in an apparently magical manner, no one can understand why.

Better men realise their aims by the same method but along higher lines.

What you ask of life you shall receive in proportion to the intensity of your demand.

Thunder and Lightning.

Nothing succeeds like success. We are glad to know that our recent criticism of the British Electrical Institute has met with widespread approval. Letters are reaching us in great numbers from people who have a grievance against this concern, and also from readers who saw our article in time to save money all but dispatched. The dispensers of electricity have received an electric shock.

The Hardy Annual.

A client of Hardy, Roberts & Company, debt collectors, of 70-72, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., invited this firm to collect debts amounting to £6 7s. 7d. It did so—deducting £5 for its trouble and expenses. The client is wondering whether the money was really owed to him or to Hardy & Co. We have repeatedly had complaints about this firm, and have never yet heard of a client who was grateful enough to quote Nelson's famous historic remark at Trafalgar—"Kiss me, Hardy!"

Scotland Yard—Bookmaker.

It is stated that Scotland Yard proposes to issue a book concerning the methods of confidence tricksters and swell mobsmen as a measure of protection to the thousands of people who may be preyed upon at the Wembley Exhibition. It might do worse than reproduce the articles in JOHN BULL on these subjects. But better still, before embarking upon literature, it ought to discharge the nearer duty of arresting "Posh Patsy" the confidence trick king, who has baffled the police for years.

Lured from Home.

Auriol Rene Gold, a pretty sixteen-year-old girl of Oxenden Street, London, W., has escaped by a miracle a tentacle of the white slave octopus in the shape of a smartly-dressed woman, who, accosting her in Leicester Square and finding that she was out of employment, offered her a job in Liverpool. But once in the North she made such terrifying suggestions that the horror-stricken girl made her escape at the first opportunity, and was fortunate enough to be found by her anxious father. These female purloiners of purity must be watched by the police.

Eggs and Chickens.

J. E. Dolby, 32, Barbara Street, Barnsbury, London, N., is a poultry breeder who buys eggs for hatching and makes a speciality of selling day-old chicks. We should imagine this to be a sufficiently profitable business to obviate any necessity to keep a country smallholder waiting over a year for payment for eggs supplied, but although we have twice written to him, we have not been able to obtain satisfaction for a reader whose own applications for payment were ignored. In the circumstances we can only recommend our reader to find another market for his eggs.

Syndicates of Sin.

As a result of our disclosures regarding the centres of lust and vice in the South Side and West End of Glasgow, the organisers of perverted enjoyment there are receiving a hot time at the hands of the police, and the sensational evidence of the approaching court proceedings will bear out the truth of our indictments. The huge profits, well-furnished apartments and the fashionably dressed clientele of these concerns indicate the firm root this cankerous growth has taken in the city's life and the need for strong measures where such capitalism in immorality is concerned.

"If You See It——"

We were too late to save a retired Captain in the King's Dragoon Guards from investing £150 with the Wheeler Electric Shade Carrier concern, recently exposed in these columns. His money is apparently lost. However, we have saved this gentleman, from depositing £50 "cash security" with Sydney Godfrey, of 178, Kennington Road, London, S.E., who is the same Godfrey exposed last year for running the same booby trap from another address. The people who read their JOHN BULL carefully find, we are glad to say, that it is a good investment.

Dying Made Easy

THERE is something seriously wrong about a Public Health system which permits of a man rendered delirious by the last stages of double pneumonia being certified as insane and trundled through the streets to a mental hospital where he dies shortly after admission—without anyone having troubled even to examine him in order to discover whether he is suffering from any physical ailment.

A chapter of tragic muddle of this character ended in the death at Hill End Mental Hospital of Herbert Munday, of 33, Ashby Road, Watford, a war pensioner who had suffered from bronchitis and asthma ever since he was demobilised in 1919.

On a recent Thursday he was in a very distressed condition, complaining that his chest felt like a ball of fire, and it became evident to his sister that he was in a serious state of health which demanded the immediate attention of a physician.

She immediately set about securing the services of a doctor, but found herself faced by a system which depends upon forms going through from one department to another, and finally reaching a medical man who may or may not be available at the moment.

As the coroner remarked at the subsequent inquest, it is obvious that it is an easy thing for anyone to slip off from this life before the official mind becomes acquainted with the fact that he is even ill at all.

She went first to the Pensions Office to ask for his Pensions doctor to attend him and was told the necessary forms would have to go through in the usual way, and probably the doctor would come next day. A doctor was actually in the office, but she was informed that he could not be sent.

She next telephoned for his panel doctor, but found him out. She called on another doctor.

He also was out.

Eventually the Ministry of Pensions Medical Referee arrived on the scene on the Saturday afternoon and found the man dead!

Before this, however, one of the doctors who was out visited the patient, found him in a violent delirium, and rang up the relieving officer to inform him that the man was dangerously insane, and should be at once removed to an observation ward!

This was done, and a Justice of the Peace visited the asylum and signed the certificate that the man was mad. He was treated as a lunatic, and died on the Saturday from double pneumonia without any attempt having been made to diagnose his physical condition before removal to the mental hospital.

We are not surprised that the coroner's jury censured the medical authorities at Watford. What steps are to be taken to prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy?

The public cannot afford to let the matter pass. An affair such as this must not happen again.

The Red Nose Napoleon

YOU can be beautiful! Forget those cauliflower ears, that truncheon nose! There is a man waiting to make you as fair as Adonis. He is one of the greatest men in the world to-day. And—he admits it!

THE world knows nothing of its greatest men. And one of the greatest men in the world is Mr. C. Abbott-Brown, of 37, South Molton Street, London, W.1 (Telephone 689 Mayfair).

Those who have never before heard of Mr. C. Abbott-Brown, may well ask us, before they fall into the appropriate posture of profound hero-worship, what is our authority for making this sweeping and, as it were, historic statement.

We answer at once, frankly and fearlessly, without equivocation or reservation. Our authority is the highest possible, no less than that of Mr. C. Abbott-Brown himself.

There it is set forth on his own notepaper, in violet ink, and with almost violent self-confidence, that Mons. Kosmeo (Mr. C. Abbott-Brown) is admitted to be "Europe's Leading Plastic Surgeon."

Apart from wondering what plastic surgery may be, the world—before it takes its leading European exponent to its bosom, and at his own valuation—may also wonder whether it is a sign of international pre-eminence that Mr. C. Abbott-Brown should also elect to call himself Mons. Kosmeo.

Mons is the Latin word for a mountain, the kind of thing that you can remove by faith. Mr. Abbott-Brown certainly removes things by faith, together with the aid of plastic surgery. Mons is also the familiar abbreviation for the French title of Monsieur, which he may have adopted—the most eminent being entitled to their little vanities—because it sounds better than that dreadful word, Mister.

You can pay your money—even plastic surgeons are not above stipulating for that—and you can take your choice. But Kosmeo is a harder name to crack. Why it should be preferred to a good English name like Abbott, which has a soothing and almost ecclesiastical influence, we do not know. But Kosmeo is clearly Greek. And Kosmeo means "I adorn."

These might be considered unimportant details if it were not for the fact that they are associated with a man of so great eminence. What, then, is plastic surgery? Here, again, Mr. Abbott-Brown condescends to tell us.

This plastic surgery is a great affair. To many of us, who are not as good-looking as we ought to be, or even as we think we are, it holds out high hopes of restoring to us the beauty which Nature may have so parsimoniously withheld. There is nothing, for example, more annoying than to have high collar-bones, except to have broken ones, a misfortune that may befall the prince as well as the peasant. Plastic surgery is the thing that will lower your high collar-bones for you and make you as handsome as Apollo or Adonis.

If that were all, it would scarcely justify European pre-eminence, high collar-bones being comparatively rare in high circles or even in high latitudes. But plastic surgery can do much more than that. If you have hollow cheeks it can fix you up also, and give you the prominent cheek which might even enable you to lead Europe.

Supposing you only have lines and bagginess under the eyes you need not despair. Mons. Kosmeo will charm away your wrinkles, and, with his effacing fingers, adorn the lines where beauty lingers. Kosmeo is not for nothing a Greek word which means, in plain English, "I adorn." Of Goldsmith it was said that he touched nothing but he adorned it. Goldsmith apparently has nothing on Mons. Kosmeo. If you have got drooping eyebrows, like Old Bill, or prominent ears, like Tarzan of the Apes, you need not despair. Ring up Mayfair 689 and Mons. Kosmeo will do the rest.

It may be that your trouble, like the ghost of Hamlet, is moles. Europe's Leading Plastic Surgeon will conjure them away. It may be that your handicap is a double chin, acquired by honourable devotion to the good things of life, or a malshaped nose, ignobly earned by too close contact with some of the less good things of life. But Kosmeo is cosmogonic in his universality. He will eliminate your double chin, and take the list out of your pugilistic nose.

The sad thing is that a man who can do so much for humanity should have the ordinary human weakness of charging for his services, the fee, for the removal of small-pox marks, for example, being a guinea a sitting—the number of sittings depending on cosmogony and Kosmeo, and the severity of the scars.

A still sadder thing is that the General Medical Council does not recognise Mr. C. Abbott-Brown as a surgeon, in spite of the fact that he is, on his, and at his own face value, Europe's Leading Plastic Surgeon, and in spite of the lion and the unicorn adorning his notepaper.

In the circumstances it is perhaps ever sadder still to have to suggest that in this part of Europe at least people should keep their guineas in their pockets, and not listen to the still small music of cosmogony.

Tin-pot "Tattersalls"

YANKEES are notorious for attempting everything, good or evil, on a grand scale, and it is not surprising that a transatlantic tout, determined to fill his pockets with profits derived from race-course and football betting, should enter into the game of grab with remarkable thoroughness.

For some time our attention has been attracted to the activities of one, Brian H. Veal, who has assumed prominence as Managing Director of Norman Tattersall and Co., Inc., International Turf Accountants, 23, Elmbank Street, Glasgow.

The concern claims to have a registered and fully paid up capital of one million dollars, and publishes a sporting sheet called "Tattersall's Weekly Gazette." The international nature of its operations is indicated, or at least suggested, by two other addresses, 1572 Columbus Avenue, New York, U.S.A., and Avenida Rio Branco 108, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, printed on this sheet, and the information that the codes used are Lieber's, Bentley's, and A.B.C. 5th Edition.

We are not concerned, however, with the doings of this company with the famous sporting name in North or South America. For the moment it will suffice if we throw a little light on the exploits of Brian H. Veal in the South of England.

At the end of last year, Veal, as Managing Director, wrote to a number of our readers inviting them to take up agencies for the concern, and stated that a special office was being opened at 33A, Pier Street, Ventnor, I. of W.

The agency offered was described as "a business amalgamation that will not fail to prove of a super lucrative nature." The firm would meet obligations "with an unprecedented alacrity." "Our reckless enterprise in this stupendous undertaking" had, they were pleased to say, "achieved a marvellous success."

Impressed, perhaps, by this hot air, and by the assurance that the company they were invited to represent on generous terms were "without a single exception the largest Turf Commission Agents in the world," some of our readers took up the agency.

Since the beginning of the year complaints of non-payment of winnings due have showered upon us. We have communicated repeatedly with the concern but have failed to obtain a reply.

At last, however, in answer to a letter directed to Veal at Ventnor, we received a note from that gentleman, written in his own hand on plain paper and dated January 25, declaring that his connection with Norman Tattersall & Co., Inc., terminated on December 31.

How comes it, then, that he was signing letters, typed on the company's notepaper, as Managing Director, on January 7, 10 and 14, and that the current issue of "Tattersall's Weekly Gazette" shows him to be still acting in that capacity?

We have again written to Glasgow, but can get no answer.

Scandal of Exploited Veterans

DISSATISFACTION exists to-day amongst the men who fought in the war and became associated with the concerns dealt with here. We do not wonder at it, and the sooner a little light is thrown on the matter the better.

THERE is no better word in the English language than "veteran."

Certainly it has been made free play with by a number of associations. We have yet to learn that the veterans themselves have benefited adequately by the process.

Many of them, at least, are heartily dissatisfied with three institutions which have adopted the proud title: the Veterans' Association, the Veterans' Club, and the Veterans' Corps.

Some very distinguished names have been among the patrons of the Veterans' Club—the Duke of Bedford, General Sir Robert Lane, Sir William Haggard, the Earl of Dundonald, and Admiral Sir Edward Freemantle. We are sure if these gentlemen were aware of the dissatisfaction they would do their best to remove it. They would find it a difficult task.

The Club was founded by Major Arthur Haggard, brother of Sir William Haggard and of the famous novelist Sir Rider Haggard, and carried the good will of the public. It would be a great pity if that good will were entirely dissipated.

Run by a limited company, its career was at least unfortunate. The Veterans' Association, of which H.R.H. Princess Beatrice is patroness, came to the rescue, as a War Charity, to take over the Club. That was seven years ago.

It has only just now succeeded in taking it over, having agreed to pay a composition of fifteen shillings in the pound to liquidate the liabilities of the limited liability company which ran the Club.

It is a very unfortunate thing that a war charity, deriving its funds from the public, should have to spend its money in paying the debts of a limited liability company.

The Veterans' Association, acting as a war charity, succeeded in raising nearly thirty thousand pounds from the public, and more than half of this has been absorbed in administrative expenses.

In the year 1919 its income was over eight thousand pounds, and its expenses over seven thousand pounds. The Veterans, for whom this money was given by the public, have good reason to complain of this kind of finance.

But the Veterans' Association, as a war charity, had another project—it proposed to endow the Veterans' Club, as an Imperial War Memorial, with a thousand beds. Donors of one hundred pounds were to have the privilege of a memorial brass plate in the Imperial War Memorial, Now there are something like thirty brass plates in the Club premises in Hand Court, Holborn, although it seems that the Imperial War Memorial is yet to come with its thousand beds.

Thirty brass plates means three thousand pounds. Where is the money, and where are the thirty endowed bedrooms?

Some time ago, generous patriots in Shanghai gave a thousand pounds to forward another project of the Imperial War Memorial—a convalescent home. There is no convalescent home. What happened to the thousand pounds?

Then there was to be a hostel, a home for ex-soldiers to go to whose wounds and other ailments recur. There was to be a soup-kitchen in it, and a "Million Shilling Fund" was opened to help to provide this. The hostel has not yet been provided, in spite of the "Million Shilling Appeal." Neither has the soup-kitchen. Where are the shillings?

After the Empire's Flag Day last year, stated to have brought in over eleven hundred pounds, premises were taken at 47, Bedford Row, Holborn, for emergency relief, employment and pension cases. The relief department was shut in August, and just before Christmas closed down. In the meantime creditors of Veterans' Club, Ltd., got another instalment paid off their debts.

A Veterans' Club Reform Society has come into existence to try to get things under the control of veterans who believe that they can do better.

Then there is the Veterans' Corps, also founded by Major Arthur Haggard. Its object is to provide work for ex-Servicemen. They have to pay £5 10s. and deposit £1 before they can join, and then buy uniforms for themselves out of their own resources. Many of them have only had a few weeks' work over a period of years, and wonder why they were stupid enough to pay the Corps their money.

The whole position is most unsatisfactory, and before these Veteran Associations, and Corps, and Clubs, with their history of interlocking directors and disappointed hopes, make further appeals to the public—backed by royalty and other distinguished people—they ought to do something practical to meet the grievances of veterans themselves, and to assure the public that the money asked for will be better administered, and much more clearly and specifically accounted for.

Why Mug-hunters Flourish

THE simple countryman has always been a mark for the acuter city dweller. He is so still. The more things change the more they remain the same thing.

The State maintains expensive organisations like the Board of Trade and the Registration of Companies Department at Somerset House. But the mug-hunter of to-day cares for none of these things. In spite of them he still plunders as the highwayman of centuries ago, but with much less risk to himself.

Here is another example of the plunder-game. A saddle-maker in Hereford was approached by the representative of a Liverpool firm of Printers, Publishers and Advertising Contractors, called the Reliance Publicity Co., Ltd.

He undertook to buy a space in their agricultural almanac, which was to be circulated in the County of Hereford. He paid his money, and waited for his almanac and its advertisement.

He did not get it. When a thing was postponed for ever the ancients used to say that it was postponed till the Greek Kalends. The Hereford Almanac, in this case, is the free, and costly, translation of the Greek Kalends.

The saddler put his money down because the Reliance Publicity Co., Ltd., had a name that inspired confidence. It was a limited company, registered at Somerset House. It had on its notepaper its Head Office—with two telephones and a telegraphic address—at 89, Victoria Street. It set forth its directors, J. B. Legge, F. H. Cross, J. H. Aberdein. It had branch offices at 183, Broad Street, Birmingham, at 53a, Royal Exchange, Leeds, and at 7, Brazennose Street, Manchester.

It seemed a big and flourishing Corporation. He never imagined that Mr. Legge would pull his leg, that Mr. Cross could double-cross him, that Mr. Aberdein would let him down. He did not suppose that the Almanac would prove broad farce in Broad Street, Birmingham, or an exchange that is no robbery in Royal Exchange, Leeds, or a brazen fraud in Brazennose Street, Manchester.

He is not so sure now. First he was told it would be all right. Then he was told he would get his money back. Then he was told that the agent hadn't paid up yet. Then he discovered that the firm owed much larger sums than his.

He took legal action. He did not get his money, but he got judgment. It could not be carried out because the firm had left its address.

The country saddler is disappointed But how long will the law refrain from giving adequate protection to the elusive traders who translate reliance into roguery and laugh at the ponderous pomposity—and inefficiency—of company law?

For, after all, the primary function of the law is not to punish the wrongdoer, but to protect the public from his nefarious intentions.

The majesty of the law must be invoked in the above mentioned case.

A City of Desolation

LOOKING for all the world like rows of prim little dolls' houses, there has sprung up on the outskirts of Essex, 3,000 dwellings comprising the Becontree Estate of the L.C.C., providing homes for a population of 15,000. But these dainty dwellings are not the centres of comfort their appearance suggests.

In one of the roads is a four-roomed cottage that bespeaks wifely care and homely bliss. The windows are framed in pink casement curtains. The little patch of ground within the the railings is marked like the deuce of diamonds with two tiny squares of flower-plots.

A picture indeed. The sort of home that the soldier had in mind when he fought in the slush and slime of Flanders.

As a matter of fact an ex-soldier lives there. He served in the Boer War and in the late war, sacrificing his job in the Post Office to do so.

Behind those dinky pink curtains lurks the direst poverty. No food. No fuel. No furniture. Nothing but the barren floors and the bare cupboards and carking care.

His pension is 8s. 9d.; his average wage 18s. 9d. Out of £1 7s. 6d. weekly income the L.C.C. make him pay 12s. 1d. per week rent. Rates are additional. And when the rate demand of £9 came along he could not scrape the money together.

But the rates collector was sent empty away. An outraged authority obtained an order for distraint, but when the bailiffs arrived there was nothing in the house but a table that the poor father had made with his own hands.

With his eyes bright with hunger the poor fellow explained their plight. They had not had a fire in the house for two years, and for the last four months bread and margarine comprised every meal. A local clergyman, hearing the facts, immediately took round a supply of food. The famished father said: "Surely there are others on the Estate worse off than we? If you know of any, sir, send them round and we'll share this food with them."

He said this because he must have known that in this L.C.C. "city" the bailiffs are in 36 houses and are due at 44 more on account of the non-payment of the Poor Rate. Over 300 summonses have been issued on this account.

Becontree is a city of blighted hopes. Families took over these houses from the L.C.C. when there was no question of rates. But now the rates have been imposed. The rents alone are steep enough; for a six-roomed cottage 21s. 6d. weekly is paid and the rate £15 4s. on top of that figure.

So acute is the distress that a Relief Fund has had to be formed; in one case this Fund saved a tenant from suicide.

It is up to the L.C.C. that built the "city" on such a "white-elephant" basis out of public funds to relieve its tenantry.

A Court Cameo.

Love Finds the Way

"HE'S in a very hopeless position. He's getting desperate, and so a danger to society. I'm baffled by his problem." And the magistrate in the West London Court sank back in the judicial chair with every sign of baffled wisdom. Meanwhile, David Richards stood in the dock unable to help solve his own problem.

The problem had many facets. It touched so many points. The business of the Court was suspended while the combined minds of all the officials grappled with it. Magistrate, clerk, inspector, probation officer and Roman Catholic missionary—each brought his respective wisdom to bear on it . . "There seems no way out," at last came from the Bench.

Richards was barely thirty. He was a legal and moral problem. At nineteen, he was sent to a reformatory; four years ago he was sentenced for indecent assault; two years later sentenced again for a similar offence; a year later still he was before the Court for begging.

Then a trip to sea was tried for him; but a few weeks back the boat foundered, and he was stranded in Germany.

Back to London. And alone in London. Homeless. Friendless. Moneyless.

In that melancholy condition, Richards got desperate, and a policeman caught him lurking in shop doorways. Under the gleam of the bull's-eye, he announced his state of rebellion against society. "I've nowhere to sleep . . . . shall break into one of these unless you arrest me."

And so he spent a week in prison.

Now he stood between the prison and freedom. Behind him the recollections of the past—even the immediate past had left its sinister mark on him: while at Brixton his head of fine black hair had received the hideous "convict crop."

And the future was "wropt in mystery." What could be done with a young fellow whose past nailed him down as hopeless? Could Law find a way out?

"Have you any relatives with whom we can communicate?" asked the cadi in an attempt to solve the problem.

The young fellow flushed. For a moment that defiant spirit within him obviously softened . . . . "I've got a mother; but I don't want her to know. It would. . ." he gulped . . . . "It would break her heart."

Then a spark of colour lit up the sombre court—the red, yellow and blue of the Salvation Army—the Army that loves the unlovable . . . "But will the Salvation Army take a Roman Catholic?" The magistrate faced a new problem. On being assured that that organisation does not consider creed when a man is down, Richards was handed over.

Which solved the legal problem. Love had found a way out.

Great Men in Strange Company

THERE are many people who would like to get in touch with the concerns we deal with here. Their activities in the building line have been chiefly connected with stories—not storeys—but every tale has its ending.

IT is a depressing thing to have invested your money in corporations with high-sounding titles, and then to have to go despondently round trying to find out what has become of it, and where the people are whom you might legitimately expect to be able to tell you.

There are some shareholders in, and creditors of, a concern called the British Properties, Limited, and the Omnium Trust Corporation, who had hoped to get some consoling information of this kind if they could have established contact in time with a gentleman called Arthur Holroyd, whose intimate association with these two concerns has already been mentioned in these columns.

It may interest them to know that although letters addressed to the Omnium Trust were returned marked "Gone away," Mr. Holroyd is still very much in the land of the living, and is again devoting himself to efforts in the building line.

A concern in Hampshire not long ago established connection with this company promoter, Holroyd, and it is by no means glad that it did so. As a consequence it embarked upon a plan by which certain property that it had acquired was to be adorned with a kinema theatre, shops and flats. For this purpose it made an arrangement with Mr. Holroyd, now of Bush House, Aldwych, London. It has been disappointed. The scene of the proposed new buildings remains, as it were, but a scenario, a moving picture that moves it to wrath.

When it could not get the buildings proposed to be put up it was confronted by a new plan. An arrangement to develop the Hampshire property was undertaken by a concern called the Holwyn Building and Construction Company, Limited, which does itself the honour to occupy offices in Bush House, and which also has the honour to enjoy the devoted services of Mr. Arthur Holroyd, the gentleman who played so prominent a part in those disastrous concerns, British Properties, Limited, and the Omnium Trust, the latter an American concern, with an office here, which fleeced unfortunate British shareholders out of their money and then disappeared, presumably across the Atlantic.

So far the Hampshire plot is still unencumbered with the beautiful buildings that were to have adorned it. We do not know whether the buildings will ever go up, as there seems to be some rather remarkable and unexpected difficulties in the way of carrying out the agreement.

We presume that it is to Mr. Holroyd's eminence as a building specialist that the Holwyn Building and Construction Company, Limited, owes its title.

The company, like the building enterprise at Hampshire, is still at the threshold of its career, but it has had quite a chequered history already. It rose on the ashes of another concern called the Rautenberg International Construction Co., Ltd.

This Teutonic-sounding affair was founded on the eve of the great war by a German nobleman called Baron Von Ittersum, of Apostel Paulus, Strasse 41, Berlin. He had as his colleagues two other Germans named Johannes Rautenberg, of 19 Spitzemstr., Berlin, and Charles Christian Steinhardt, of 2, Broad Street Buildings, E.C., which were the offices of the concern.

It did nothing during the war, and can scarcely be regarded as a danger to this country since its paid-up capital was only seven pounds.

But last year it transformed itself into the Holwyn Building and Construction Company, the German directors having disappeared, and amongst the directors now are Major-General Sir Hubert Gough, K.C.B., and the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carrick. As the German-owned company had never done any business, this transfer obviously suggests that the new company merely took advantage of its existence for purposes of registration, a perfectly legitimate thing.

But what does not appear so legitimate is that arrangements were made by Mr. Holroyd, and business correspondence entered into on behalf of the company, before the company under its present title, had come into official existence, which took place at the beginning of January. We have no doubt the Board of Trade will be interested to learn of this incident, which seems to us a clear breach of its regulations.

These are matters that should be looked into by the directors. And in view of the unfortunate experience which people have had in business connections with Mr. Holroyd, now acting as "Contracts Manager," we think that the directors ought to exercise a strict supervision in the works upon which they embark.

This is not less desirable because of Holroyd's connection with previous disasters arising out of which he was sent to jail for contempt of court.

They might also look into the complaints of the local contractors in Hampshire who complain of the difficulties in the way of their being paid for work already done.

Chinese Dens of Vice

THE public cannot understand the extraordinary consideration shown by judges on the Bench, and by the police authorities, to persistent wrongdoers who have the advantage to be foreigners.

Liverpool is being over-run by Chinese immigrants, as we predicted it would be when we publicly warned the local police to be on their guard. We discovered that undesirable Chinamen were packing their bags in Limehouse and transferring their activities to Pitt Street, Liverpool, which they regarded as their second line of defence.

These people have no intention of working. They describe themselves as laundrymen and cooks and ships' firemen. But they are in reality gamblers pure and simple, though for the most part they are neither pure nor simple. When the gambling business is temporarily under a cloud they transfer their attentions to the dope traffic, and *vice versa*.

The other day a raid was made on some gaming houses in Pitt Street, Liverpool, where the game of Puk-a-pu has become a favourite, with the result that the wives and even the children of our British working-men are flinging away their money.

To the ignorant the thing looks very feasible. Theoretically, it is possible for you to make one hundred and seventy pounds out of the investment of a shilling. In practice the losers are always the investors and never the Chinese backers. This would matter comparatively very little if the English people who thus lose their money could afford it. They can't. They are often the poorest of the poor.

In spite of that, the profits of a bank in one back room in Pitt Street were nearly four hundred pounds in a very short time. Mr. Justice Swift recently imposed fines amounting in all to over a thousand pounds, but as that was split up over a considerable number of Chinamen it did not amount to anything like a deterrent penalty.

The astonishing thing is that, despite our continued warnings and protests, these undesirable aliens were not ordered for deportation. Why? Mr. Justice Swift, in passing sentence upon them, said that they had ignored a warning previously given to the Chinese community that gambling houses would not be tolerated. Of course they ignored it.

People of their type, who have no sense of morality, or decency, or honesty, as it is understood in this country, have only one object—to make as much money as possible here, and to get back to China to enjoy it. The only thing that they are afraid of is being deported before they have made their pile. And for some extraordinary reason Mr. Justice Swift did not inflict the only penalty that would be likely to act as the deterrent—deportation.

There is another aspect of the matter, apart from the dope and gambling traffic. These undesirables are a standing menace to the little girl children of the practically helpless poor slum dwellers.

Slippery Sam of High Street

Men who are Holding the Nation to Ransom

by MAJOR E. HAMMOND FOOTE

(The well-known writer on Economics)

THE legalised robbery and the daylight hold-up that is taking place in the name of Free Trade by unscrupulous middlemen occasions Parliament no anxiety.

No Party or faction in the House of Commons is prepared to make a stand against these oppressors of the people.

No member of Parliament can plead ignorance on this matter, much less the late Conservative Government, who investigated these disorders through a commission.

This commission brought to light one scandal after another of profits made by middlemen, but over all this was thrown a veil, and laughing-gas was applied to smother and deaden the indignation of a suffering people.

Is a fabulous profit of 100 per cent. to 300 per cent. a light matter to pass over?

Is it a light matter to allow unscrupulous men to hold up goods until the consumer has to pay 300 per cent. over and above the original cost of production? What service rendered to the public warrants that? Surely not the paper transaction and the small capital required in the middleman's trade?

WHO are the wealthy to-day? Who are the people that have money to burn? The middlemen who have encircled the wardrobe, the larder and coal-cellar of every house in Great Britain by organised rings of uncontrolled interests.

Silently and stealthily they go about their business; they know every byway and loophole of legal procedure, and take refuge behind the supine docility of Westminster, round which they have woven a web hard to unravel.

As to the late Coalition Government they were putty in the hands of these vested interests. Lloyd George not only protected, but aided and abetted the profiteers all through his administration, and left us crippled in perpetuity by his blunders.

Quite recently, in the midst of the strike of enginemen on the railways, they were at work: the coal merchant, the butcher, the baker were readjusting their prices and cornering necessities, although the cost of production had in no way been affected, and the freight charges remained unaltered.

Why should the middlemen reap benefit from insecurity and the misfortunes of the community?

IF these agents were registered and their commission on all sales of the necessaries of life fixed, prices would remain stable and would only alter when actual shortage was upon us. Then all the fatuous excuses for the rise in prices of such things as sugar, butter, bread, meat, etc., would never again be put forward.

Then, instead of huge fortunes being made by these slippery middlemen, they would be allowed a reasonable profit for service done and security of tenure and market. Instead of inflated prices, the people could rest assured that the amount paid was relative to the cost of production.

Any irregularity or evasion of the fixed commission would be followed by forfeiture of the licence to sell.

WHO are the wealthy people to-day? Who are the people that have money to burn? asks the writer of this article. And we all know the answer. They are the profiteering middlemen who have encircled our larders, our wardrobes and our coal-cellars with organised rings of uncontrolled interests. Register these agents and fix their commission on all sales of life's necessaries, urges Major Foote, and prices will remain stable.

Major E. Hammond Foote.

WE all know that much of the animosity and hatred against capital of any description (be it useful or otherwise) has been engendered by the extremists in Labour and the communistic elements in the country. Much of this unreasoned hate is the outcome of a blind but instinctive sense of injustice and of impotence against the power of money wrongly used.

If the community knew that all the necessaries of life were handed over the counter at a commission fixed by Parliament, and irrevocable except through the legislative chamber, then the people could breathe again in an atmosphere of security, and the producer would get a fair share for his labours. All produce would be regulated by healthy competition governed by the demand of the public.

The price would be determined by the producer and not, as now, by the wholesale or retail dealers, who would take their proper place as agents under a fixed commission.

To them the turnover and the quick and cheap transmission of supplies would always be a source of prosperity.

IN instituting the registration of middlemen, all British-born subjects would in all probability be eligible for registration, but all aliens would have to go through examination and scrutiny, and probably a drastic curtailment of their numbers would be made.

London and all our big cities are overrun by these strangers who deal, in most cases, with foreign imports and make gigantic profits on goods bought at a fraction of the cost of production here at home, owing to the subtle debasement of Continental exchanges.

In a great industrial country like ours, with few, if any, openings for independent and self-supporting work, there is naturally a tendency to overdevelop the middleman's trade. Every man having a little capital, and fired with the desire to be his own master, turns to the wholesale or retail trade of the country for his salvation, and, in consequence, the relative proportion of middlemen and producers has enhanced the whole cost of living in the country. If this disproportion is not checked by regulation, our whole economic structure will be undermined and our industrial life doomed.

These middlemen have encircled themselves in organisations such as the "Butchers," the "Bakers," the "Fruit and Vegetable" Associations, etc., and in nearly all cases they have adopted as their motto "Unity is Strength!"

They are pledged to work together to wring from the general public its hard-earned gains.

THE country has to choose whether it will maintain a redundant, unproductive class that has, through over-development, become a parasite of industry, as against the main body of the people, the workers, whose very life and happiness depend upon a reduction of the cost of living to the actual, from the fictitious, value it represents to-day.

At this moment the Cabinet is receiving reports from several Labour Party committees on many of the vital problems of the day, and, from all accounts, the general trend of these reports is to advise the Government to control, by departmental administration, the necessities of the people.

They recommend the socialisation of imports, such as wheat, flour and meat, under a Board of Supply.

ONE report says: "This Board of Supply would estimate probable world prices for the next three or four years, and fix limits of prices within which it would undertake to sell imported wheat to millers. To these prices the market prices of British wheat would necessarily conform." . . .

"The Board would release to millers the quantity of imported wheat required to make up the deficiency of the home crop." . . .

"The import of meat would be dealt with on similar lines."

So far this would only touch the fringe of profiteering. The wheat price to-day is down to pre-war conditions, though the loaf is nearly 100 per cent. higher in price, and there are huge profits being made by the miller and baker.

In the same way, the cost of cattle on the hoof has gone down to pre-war prices, but the cost of butcher's meat has not come down to any extent.

The Government's control of all food imports, excellent as it would be in stabilising the home markets, and in cutting out one of the profiteers in the long chain of middlemen, will give little guarantee and security to the consumer so long as middlemen are unregistered and at large.

IT is recommended in this report that all dairies be bought up and municipal distribution organised. No one will deny that the regulation and increase of the milk-supply in the country is one of the first duties of Government.

No one will deny that the great fortunes made by unscrupulous profiteers, who hold up the price of this most vital necessity high above the heads of many a poor family, is one of the black crimes of our civilisation.

We may, with the experience that we have had in the past of inefficient and self-centred Governments, be dubious of the power of any Government to control the milk-supply of this country; we may be doubtful about the adequacy of municipal distribution; and at first there is bound to be confusion and waste.

But what new undertaking, be it a private one or a company, is there that does not require improvement after initiation?

TIME, I am sure, will perfect even so complex and vital a service, and I feel sure that, finally, we shall eradicate tubercle from our herds, and get as pure a milk as that of Denmark or the United States, where there is proper Government control.

Up to this point the Labour Party's policy is sound, but how far it is wise to load a Government with the private affairs of the community it is difficult to say.

We must always bear in mind that rampant Socialism means the extinction of freedom, and the death of private initiative, which is the breath of life to industrial enterprise.

The duty of Government is to clear the decks for private enterprise, to tear down the brambles that choke it, and give free scope to the brains and intelligence of the rising generation.

E. Hammond Foote

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To President COOLIDGE,
Washington, U.S.A.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—None knows better than myself that the Government of the States dare not get far ahead of its people, and so perhaps you are not wholly to blame for being so dilatory in falling in with European overtures towards disarmament. It gives me pleasure to hear you say that your Government is now ready "to join with the Great Powers in a further limitation of competitive armaments." If America had adopted this attitude two years ago the world would have been sweeter—and safer. Anyhow, better late than never. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—I have frequently had my attention called to the enlightened remarks that you let fall from time to time during the execution of your duties. Addressing the Grand Jury at the Devon Assizes you commented on the fact that during the last forty years there had been a marked decrease in serious crime. You gave it as your opinion that this was largely due to the fact that there had been a general diminution in the severity of sentences. I am glad to see that at least one judge is alive to the fact that it is more important to inculcate a sense of self-respect in a prisoner than to turn him into a hardened criminal. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—After being ruler of the King's Navy, you have determined to devote your time to saving the Empire by shattering the Free Trade obsession. The Free Trade obsession certainly shattered your Party—as, with your exception, it appears to have realised. Your task will be easy—if you can show us how to make things cheaper by taxing them more. And the fact that Mr. Baldwin and Lord Balfour and Lord Birkenhead and Lord Carson have "funked" it will not lessen appreciation of your heroic and even Quixotic courage. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HALDANE,
Lord Chancellor.

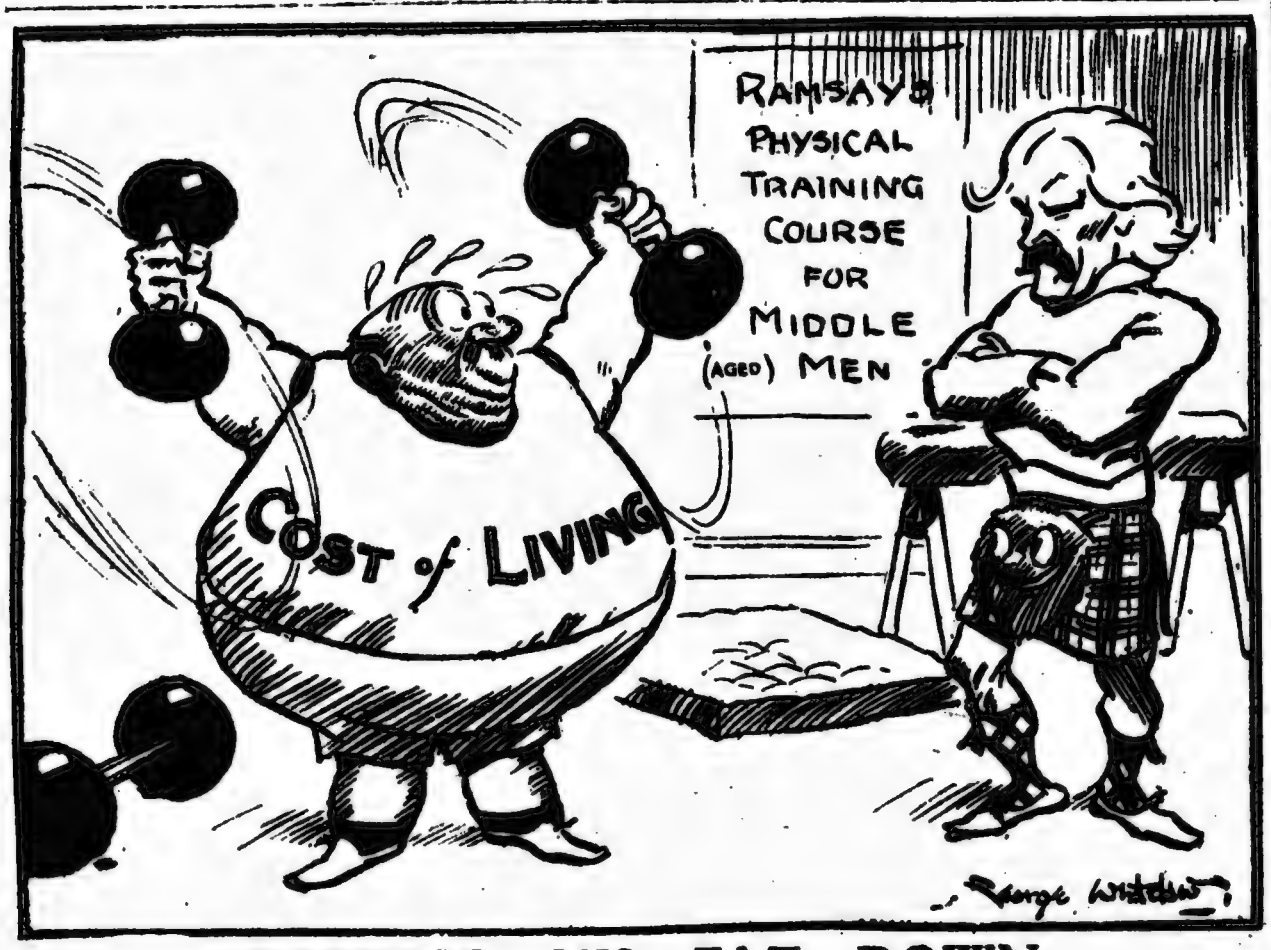
MY LORD,—It has pleased me to see that you are renouncing a large slice of the two salaries that are yours by right. Will you now go into the question of salaries paid to the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. In 1914 the former official received £7,000 and fees amounting to £11,000, while the Solicitor-General netted £6,000 in salary and £13,000 in fees. Our poverty-stricken nation cannot afford to pay £37,000 a year to two of its legal luminaries. Cannot your great brain devise some new system by which the nation reaps the benefit of its paid servants? JOHN BULL.

To Sir F. J. WILLIS, K.B.E.,
Board of Lunacy Control.

SIR,—Many male and female nurses employed in mental hospitals are worked for seventy hours a week—that is from six in the morning till eight at night for five days. Tired, depressed, with a sense that they are unfairly treated—they cannot give human sympathy and kindness to their unhappy charges. The London County Council and the Metropolitan Asylums Board recognise the forty-eight hour week. Why should other public institutions maintain the traditions of slavery? Reform this bad system and help those who cannot help themselves. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Camberwell Town Council.

SIR,—You appear to preside over a pretty soulless set of Hard-faces, judging by their action in the case of the war-hero whom it has decided to evict from one of the Council's houses. This man served throughout the war, has seven children all under fourteen and has been out of work so long that he does not now receive the dole. Eviction means the workhouse for him and his children, and yet when Alderman Anderton—evidently a big-souled man—offered to collect the arrears for the man by subscription, the Council decided by 35 to 12 to proceed with the eviction. Callous Camberwell! JOHN BULL.



GETTING HIS FAT DOWN

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—The release of Gandhi, the Indian agitator, has left the pillars of the British Empire unshaken. The release of Mr. Art O'Brien and his Irish fellow-prisoner is obviously a logical sequel. These men were sent to prison for a conspiracy against the Irish Free State. The danger is past. Are these men kept in jail as a compliment to the Irish Free State, which certainly does not want it? Or is there any reason why a complimentary gesture—extended to India—should be refused to Irishmen? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. W. JOWETT, M.P.,
First Commissioner of Works.

SIR,—Although you are not a golfer, I am glad to see that you regard the sport as "a valuable means of exercise and recreation for all classes." You can make a start by agreeing to the proposal to utilise 200 acres adjoining the public golf course in Richmond Park for another such course. Expensive clubs are available for the wealthy, but you can, by encouraging municipal courses, ensure that golf does not remain the rich man's sport. Far better to be a nation of golfers than a nation of pub-loungers. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. HILDA CLARK,
136, Bishopsgate, London.

DEAR MADAM,—As secretary of the "British Appeal for Germany" you continue to appeal for funds through the medium of the Press. You say that Germany is starving. Doubtless you are right, and no humane person can feel anything but distress that it should be so. Does it never occur to your Committee that thousands of your own countrymen are in like case? Have they not heard that in the City of Birmingham there are thousands of men clamouring for clothes and food? Suppose you and your committee sit down and do some hard thinking! JOHN BULL.

To GEO. LANSBURY, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Have you considered the political ethics of the Gospel of Poplarism? "Work or Full Maintenance" means subsidising indolence. It also means that the unemployed become the State's pensioners and sooner or later the State will decide that it has the right to make effective use of the services of such pensioners. It will seek to control work because it controls wages and so it will provide State tailoring jobs for tailors, State painting jobs for painters, and so on. Which will end in State Socialism in all industries. But perhaps this is your real object all the time? JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT BLAIR,
19, Ardwick Road, N.W.2.

SIR,—On your retirement from the L.C.C. I hasten to thank you, on behalf of the public, for the great work you have done to improve the educational facilities of the country. You have given fifty-one years of your life to this great task, and the vast improvement in the educational services is a monument to your devotion. Your policy has been to encourage "sympathetic discipline," and I rejoice to hear you say that the "hard licking" of the masters has given way to this more human method. JOHN BULL.

To ARTHUR HAYDAY, Esq., M.P.,
West Nottingham.

SIR,—Judging from your reward I do not suppose that any legislation in favour of birth control will get much support from you. Evidently you believe that stock is as good as money; so you've invested pretty heavily in youngsters. With eighteen boys and girls calling you "Father," it is good to see you going through life as if a large family reduced parental anxieties. You have solved the old problem—How to be happy though married. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

A CHARTER FOR THE LITTLE MARTYR

Labour's Blunder

A WEEK ago we ventured to warn the Labour Government that their housing policy must not be conceived in a class spirit. Recent developments emphasise the danger. So far we have heard nothing of any other class of house than the one that is to cost £500 and be let at 9s. a week.

Is this the only type of house that is to be built under the much-heralded Government scheme?

Is there to be no suitable provision for the middle-class man who wants to buy a house or who is able to afford a rental higher than the magic figure of 9s.?

After all, the middle-classes—the bulk of whom are genuine workers—have a right to exist equally with the manual labourers, and, we might add, an equal right to consideration at the hands of a Party who professes its concern for all workers "by hand or brain."

Many of them, moreover, who in the ordinary course would have bought their own houses, are unable to do so at the present exorbitant prices, while some cannot even rent them and must make shift in lodgings until they are admitted to the benefits of the Government scheme.

Are they to be shut out? If so, the Labour Ministry will make a grave blunder and alienate thousands of voters at the very outset of its promising career.

Can it afford to do this?

Slovenly Law-Making

IF Mr. Bumble had lived to-day he would have seen no reason to revise his opinion that the law was "a ass." The latest decision under the Rents Act would have furnished him with an excellent case in point.

The Act permits a landlord to recover from a tenant any sum he may have had to pay in respect of increased rates, and it would therefore seem quite natural and wholly just and equitable that in the event of the rates falling the rent should automatically be reduced.

Not so, says Mr. Justice Shearman; if the rates go up the landlord may increase the rent, and even if they afterwards go down again the increase must still remain. Evidently then it is a case of: Heads the landlord wins, tails the tenant loses, but that anything so patently absurd was ever intended by the Legislature we flatly decline to believe. It looks much more like a slovenly omission in the drafting of the Rents Act.

In view of the high salaries paid to the lawyers whose business it is to draw up Acts of Parliament, the public really ought to be protected against this sort of thing.

The State at last thinks of its Children

CRIMES against children have never been punished as they should. But Parliament can make amends now by passing a Bill which aims at the protection of our little mites. Will it act as mother to the helpless?

IF Parliament does its duty we shall soon be in possession of a new Charter of Childhood. Frankly, and without reservation, we welcome the Bill announced by Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P., for the better protection of the souls and bodies of the coming generation. We do so with peculiar satisfaction, seeing that nearly every one of Mr. Ammon's proposals has been advocated in the columns of JOHN BULL.

How often have we protested against the monstrous inadequacy of the existing penalties for the defilement of young children? The present Criminal Law Amendment Act seems to date from a time when the befouling of a child's innocence was thought a less heinous crime than the killing of a sheep.

The new Bill accepts a healthier, holier standard. For the future, once this far-reaching measure is on the Statute Book, the miscreant who makes a child the vehicle of his demented lust will do so only at the risk of condign punishment.

Is there a father or a brother, still less a mother, in the land who will quarrel with this just retribution for an odious crime?

THE Bill deals with many other matters. It proposes, for example, to make an end of the barbarous anachronism by which, under the present law of England, a "man" may be married at fourteen and a "woman" at twelve. For the future sixteen will be the minimum age; and any attempt, either in wedlock or outside it, to assail the virginity of a child will be visited with stern penalties.

The nation should welcome this measure of social sanitation. The Church should hasten to bestow its benediction upon a measure conceived in the very spirit of the Holy Child.

Certain minor provisions of Mr. Ammon's Bill may provoke criticism; nevertheless, they are essentially sound. It will be easy to arouse ignorant hostility to the clauses directed against giving alcoholic drink to children, but before this sane measure of prohibition is condemned, it may be well to listen to the warnings of those who have had first-hand experience of the mischief wrought by teaching children to tipple.

The Bill will be thrashed out in Parliament line by line, and no doubt amended in detail, but Mr. Ammon is undoubtedly right in his main principle that parents and others who have the custody of children should be compelled by law, where necessary, to treat them with consideration and respect.

AS the law stands a child may be starved and beaten, tortured almost to death, and the maximum penalty the Courts can award is two years' hard labour. The new Bill proposes to substitute five years' penal servitude. This change is the keynote to its spirit. It views life in general, and child-life in particular, from a higher plane than has been the case in the legislation of the past, and insists that the custody of a child is a sacred trust any flagrant betrayal of which must be viewed as a crime against humanity.

If this Bill passes in anything like its present shape—and it will be to the eternal shame of Parliament if it does not—then there will be short shrift for the child-torturer, the defiler of innocence, the white-slaver and the abortionist.

To dismiss such legislation as grandmotherly is mere cynical trifling. "Motherly" if you will, and surely the State should be the mother of its children.

Sport and Sportsmen!

"IT is a fine morning," a sporting English gentleman is alleged to have remarked, "Let's go out and kill something." By sure degrees, however, public opinion is becoming less tolerant of the "sport" which consists in hunting animals to death.

Consequently, recent reports of rabbit-coursing on Sunday mornings in the neighbourhood of London have excited indignant protests, and people are loudly asking why the R.S.P.C.A. takes no action. The answer is that there is no action the Society can take.

Rabbit-coursing is sanctioned by the law of England. It is perfectly legal, even though disgustingly brutal, to release a rabbit in an enclosed meadow, at the same time arranging that after a brief and futile attempt to escape, it shall be torn to pieces by the pursuing hounds.

It is a horrible, revolting practice, but the law permits it, and until that law is altered there is no more to be said. Fortunately, the law can be altered quite easily, for in the present Parliament there are probably not half a dozen members who would oppose such a humane reform, and the Bill necessary for the purpose might be treated as a non-contentious measure.

There should be eager competition for the honour of introducing it. No man with a spark of humanity in his composition can condone this crass brutality which masquerades as "sport."

Wasting Wealth

THAT the true wealth of a nation consists in the wisdom and happiness of its citizens is a doctrine to which the Labour Party has paid consistent tribute. The time has now come to turn its precepts into practice. Money spent on education of the right sort is money saved. The abolition of wasteful expenditure on armaments, etc., will find the funds.

In the elementary schools smaller classes, giving opportunities for more individual teaching, must take the place of the present system of mob instruction. Secondly, there must be an easier bridge from the primary school to the secondary, so that all children of sufficient promise should enjoy the wider opportunities of the "higher grade" school.

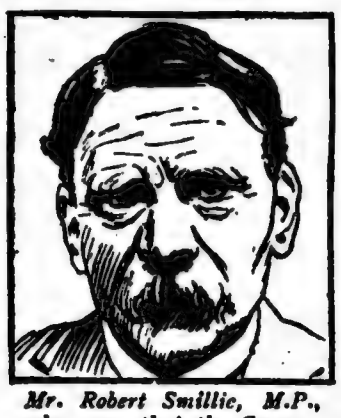
Finally, we must have a real national system of education with a real ladder from the humblest village school to the college of University rank.

These aims will not be realised all at once, but in educational matters, as in others, we must know where we want to go if we are not to miss the road.

The Cry of the Human Sardine

by A. G. GARDINER

THE land monopoly which has exploited the necessities of the people for its own selfish interest must be destroyed, says our contributor in this article, before the Housing problem can be solved. Good homes make good citizens, and bad homes make criminals, wastrels and invalids.



Mr. Robert Smillie, M.P., who says that the Government's Housing Scheme will fail unless the land monopoly is broken.

WHATEVER our political predilections there is one point on which we all wish the Labour Government to succeed. We want them to build houses for our people to live in, at a price which the workman can afford to pay. This is not a philanthropic view. It is practical politics. It is business. It is not profitable for us that millions of people should live in pig-sties. It is very unprofitable.

Take the question of tuberculosis. That disease costs the community £14,000,000 a year in England alone, and it is mainly due to the insanitary conditions in which the people are compelled to live. If they live in hovels, the public has to find money to cure the victims of hovels. It is better to build houses in which children can grow up into healthy and self-respecting men and women than to build hospitals and sanatoria where we have to take in the wrecks that the hovels have made.

Every child born into the world is an asset to the State, or a liability—a source of gain to the community or a source of loss. Good homes make good citizens, and bad homes make criminals, wastrels and invalids.

THAT is one aspect of the matter. Take another. None of us likes revolutions. They are unpleasant things and unprofitable things. They never come from the evil hearts of men, as some good people suppose. They come from evil conditions of life. No happy people, well-fed and well-housed, ever start a revolution. It is famine and misery and wrong out of which the passion of suffering bursts like a flame in revolt. "When the people rebel the people are always right," said Mirabeau or Goethe—I forget which, for both said the same thing in different words.

Why is Glasgow the hot-bed of revolutionary ideas to-day? Why has it been swept by Communism? It is not because the Glaswegians have a double dose of original sin. It is because they live in a plague spot, in the foulest conditions of any city in the land.

Twenty years ago Dr. Russell, the medical officer of the City, issued a report on the housing conditions of Glasgow as terrible, humiliating, shocking as any document on record. Nothing has been done.

The conditions are not better to-day. They are worse.

OVER half the people in that great, rich, splendid city live in one- or two-room tenements. Think of it—the mother and the new-born child on the bed, the corpse waiting burial on the floor. What can you expect from such horrors but human wreckage or passionate rebellion? If the people did not rebel against such things, it would be the worst sign of all. It would mean that they had lost the spirit that makes a people great and a nation great.

So I say, this is not philanthropy, but business, and if Mr. MacDonald can do the business, all power to his elbow. The shortage of houses, as I showed in these columns some months ago, is not less than a million, and to provide them will be the work of years. If the work is to be done economically and expeditiously, the community must be generous and the trade unions must be reasonable. If they refuse "dilution," the houses *cannot* be built, and the worker will continue to live in a hovel because the bricklayer will not sacrifice his privilege of refusing to allow anybody to lay bricks except himself. I hope he won't be so foolish and so selfish.

BUT there is another aspect of the matter which I hope will not be neglected by Mr. MacDonald. One of the main causes of the infamous housing conditions that prevail has been the land monopoly. That monopoly continues, and unless it is boldly dealt with it will add enormously to the difficulty of the task.

Why have the slums of the great towns grown up? Why do we see in the streets of the great industrial towns rows of unsightly back-to-back houses, without air, light or garden space, with common privies, and lacking all the amenities of a healthy and civilised life? Why are forty and fifty and more families crammed on to an acre of space?

It is not because the people like to live like sardines in a box. It is not because it is good for them to live like sardines in a box. It is not because there is not plenty of land, or because the workman dislikes gardens. He loves gardens as much as anybody, and needs them more than anybody. A garden is the most healing and civilising thing in life. It is because the land monopoly has exploited the necessities of the people for its own selfish interest.

I am not a Socialist, but I hold that the great monopolies which the labour and sweat of the people make valuable, ought not to be the instrument by which private exploiters can strangle the life of the people, condemn them to live in back-to-back houses and drive them into revolutionary propaganda. If new houses are to be built cheaply and with sufficient space for children to grow up like flowers in the garden instead of like rats in a cellar, the devastating power of landlordism must be lifted.

Why should the fact that I (or you) happen to have been left a piece of land that a railway, or a road which the public has built at their own cost has made infinitely valuable, be able to squeeze any plunder I choose out of the necessities of the public? I have seen a town grow up around a factory, and the landowner growing rich by the energies of the people and the enterprise of the employer. He had done nothing, contributed nothing. He just sat idly by, doling out his land at his own price, holding it up here, releasing it there as his own interests alone dictated.

WHAT justice is there in a system which makes it possible for one man, by the accident of heredity, to exercise a "hold-up" over the whole community, to skim the cream of the wealth the public creates, to make it impossible for the poor to have decent houses to live in or their children gardens to play in? The wealth which the activities of the public create belongs to the public.

The Government must not let this great building enterprise be strangled by the exactions of the landlords. It must take the land it needs, not at a fancy price, but at a fair price, and it must appropriate the land values to the service of the public which creates them.

"The trade of Britain is the means by which the people of Britain live."

Blindfolded

The Hon. Mr. Justice Sankey, who was Chairman of the famous Sankey Commission.

AMIDST strikes and rumours of strikes, British trade progresses like a wholesale dog-fight in a fortuitous litter of eggs. Every move brings disaster, yet, beyond random efforts here and there to haul or wheedle an especially rabid combatant out of the scrummage, no attempt is made to stop the senseless wastage. In the case of the railway trouble, serious talk only began when the mischief had been done. It was not till the dockers' grievance had reached the breaking-point that the employers decided at long last to tackle the essential cause, which Lord Shaw denounced *four years ago* as "the horrible, bestial conditions of casual labour."

And now, before we nationally take hold of the dispute which threatens to develop into a coal strike, must we patiently await the calamity which would result from an actual stoppage?

Let us who stand outside the quarrel clearly realise our responsibilities and rights in this matter. The trade of Britain is the means by which the people of Britain live. The coal of Britain is the means by which the trade of Britain lives. If there is no coal, there is no trade; if there is no trade, the nation must starve. Clearly, then, this dispute closely concerns not only the coal-owners and the miners, but every one of us—you, me, your wife and children, the whole of the British people. Hadn't we better set to *now*, while there is yet time, and look after it?

The Editor has handed me a long letter from Mr. Gee, the professional Press advocate of the coal-owners, who informs us that the miner's work is exceptionally healthy; and that the average annual profit of the employers under the wages agreement, which the men have now decided to terminate, has only been 23 per cent. more than in 1914, while the men's wages have increased by 67 per cent. On the other hand, we have the assurance of Mr. Frank Hodges'

The Signpost to Happiness

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

WHAT opportunity does our education system give to the working-man for the enriching of his character? How does it equip him to face the terribly complicated problems of to-day? Our contributor puts himself in the shoes of the worker and discusses these problems in a novel way.

I AM asked, "Suppose you were a working-man, what would be your political ambitions, what reforms would you desire and work for?" An interesting question; but what manner of working-man must I suppose myself to be?

There is all the difference in the world, you'll agree, between a poor fellow at the dock gates waiting with rain-sodden shoulders and upturned coat-collar for the chance of a job, and the driver of a locomotive express, or a packer at Port Sunlight, or a happy steel-worker in the employment of a certain well-known Quaker firm in Sheffield.

The average workman is as hard to find as the average aristocrat—compare Lord Curzon with Lord Lonsdale, or the Duke of Portland with the Duke of Manchester. Humanity is neither an ant-heap nor a beehive. Let the Communists chatter as they will, we are individuals. Even one policeman differs from another policeman, and no two postmen are on all fours.

BUT let me suppose that I am a fairly competent worker in a Midland factory, earning moderate wages, living in a small house, married to a good woman, and the father of three or four lively children. Further, let me suppose that I am not such a beast as to get drunk every Saturday, and not such a fool as to enrich the street bookmaker with half-crowns needed for my children's food. Again, let me suppose that I have taken advantage of public education, and now am neither the dupe of Diehard hysterics nor the lunatic poodle of flatulent Bolshevists.

In these circumstances, and thus mentally conditioned, how should I act as a citizen of the British Commonwealth? First of all I should attempt to arrive at some pretty clear idea as to the meaning of life itself. What is evolution trying to do? Is the pig-trough my biggest business, or my own mind?

I should decide that life has an intelligent purpose, and evolution an intelligent goal. Therefore, I should conclude that my character is my most important possession, and that to strengthen it and enrich it is my chief duty, and the most lasting of my pleasures. How to do that? Education is plainly essential.

VERY well: every citizen, I should argue, must enjoy the opportunities of strengthening and enriching his character. How does our educational system succeed in this direction? I should decide that public schools are too few and too small, classes too large, and the whole spirit of national education rather hugger-mugger, lacking in inspiration. Therefore, I should argue for a new spirit in education.

Let the school, I should say, be the noblest and most beautiful building in every parish—a kind of university, cathedral, museum, public library, and picture gallery rolled into one. Let it be the great social centre, surrounded by beautiful gardens, swimming-baths, playing-fields, and gymnasiums. Let its masters, lecturers, and tutors be the aristocracy of Oxford and Cambridge culture. Let it be free to all men and all women, and open from six in the morning till ten at night. And let there be rooms of silence for reading and writing, where men whose houses are too small for student purposes might go, as to a club, and cultivate their minds in peace.

With this root idea of life's essential inwardness as my chief principle of political action, I should not much bother my head about physical circumstances. My idea would be that an educated democracy would have no problems, that all problems and all evils are the consequence of ignorance intellectual and moral. Education would wipe out the sweater as well as the slum.

Rt. Hon. C. P. Trevelyan, President, Board of Education, who can make reforms on the lines here suggested.

But I should see that until education has done its saving work we must have political hospitals, and political doctors to patch us up for the noble work of earning daily bread. I should agree that the State ought to provide employment for a man thrown out of work, and that it ought to look after the bodily health of its citizens free of charge just as the municipality looks after their drains, and also that it should pension widows and make itself responsible for orphans.

Then I should argue that trade union regulation of output is bad for a man's character, and makes his work dull and numbing. I should want a larger output in order to lessen the hours of work. I should argue for profit-sharing as a law of industry. I should not be so stupid as to oppose a salutary natural law, but should maintain that the best worker is entitled to better wages than the worst, and that to lower a standard of any kind is to depress talent, and to set the pace of progress by the slowest. I should do all in my power to encourage ambition, cleverness, and invention. And I should provide every means I could think of to associate workmen with the prosperity of their employers.

HOW could I teach my sons to be honest, and to hate lies, if I were cheating my master by ca'canny?

Since it would be plain to me that these ideals absolutely depend on the flourishing condition of industry, I should be an out-and-out individualist, an out-and-out Imperialist. I should want the Empire magnificently farmed and linked up as closely as science and organisation can contrive. I should encourage my sons to travel about the Empire, and bid them realise that to develop the riches of that vast and wonderful estate is a first duty of British manhood, and the straightest road to a flourishing state of things at home.

As for the sulky and surly Communists, I should amuse my spare hours by asking them simple questions, after the manner of old Socrates. They should help me to develop my sense of humour. I should neither abuse nor vilify, but only tease them. One question I should ask them is this, Have they ever heard of a Thracian slave named Phaedrus, who said, "*The poor change nothing but their master's name*"?

AND I should ask them to tell me how a Russian workman is better off under a Soviet master than he was under a Tsar master, and whether a railway porter working for the State in France is a richer and a happier man than a railway porter in America working for a private company. I should keep them to the facts of human experience.

And I would never let them mesmerise me into thinking that the average British workman is a miserable wage-slave living in a cellar, with no fun in his heart, no happiness in his mind.

...ded into Hell

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

...mity ...? ...early this ...s by ...al of ...ritain ...e; if ...early, ...y the ...of us ...ple of ...et to ...it? ...n Mr. coal- ...ork is ...erage wages ...cided cent. have ...hand, ...odges'

book that, "in spite of high costs of production, both as regards increased wages and cost of materials, capital has been returned to the shareholders nearly twice in ten years."

The general public are clearly not competent to judge between the contending sides. Nothing less than the most searching inquiry by disinterested experts could evolve a decision.

The time to start that inquiry is now, the authority to start it is the Government, and the instrument by which it should be started is that Joint National Industrial Council of employers and employed which Mr. Lloyd George abortively inaugurated with a fine flourish of futile trumpets in 1919, and which Mr. Arthur Henderson, still regards as "the ultimate solution of the problem of securing peace within the capitalist system."

Such a Council would be spared a vast amount of spade-work by the previous researches of the Sankey Commission, whose Chairman, Mr. Justice Sankey, Sir Arthur Balfour, the Sheffield steel manufacturer, Sir Arthur Duckham, the engineer, and Sir Thos. Royden, the shipowner, decided that "the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it, either Nationalisation or a method of unification by national purchase or by joint control."

In the course of many travels through the coalfields I have heard these conclusions constantly confirmed by mining experts; and the public marvels why, though untimely born, they never came to fruition nor were certified for burial. As to wages, we, outside the industry, cannot tell what it should or could pay. We sympathise with the shareholders in their reduced dividends, but we have read also the heroic story of Redding.

And we feel, we who grumble horribly at the present price of coal, that, though it might cost another penny or two a week, we would like to afford the means of decent life to men whose services are so arduous.

At the same time we do want to know whether collective control and abolition of competitive barriers, combined with scientific use of by-products, might not yield more profitable conditions than the cutting of the miners' standard of life, or the alternative of increased coal prices.

Piano Playing for ALL

A METHOD BY WHICH FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

WHENEVER a new invention is put on the market, critics exclaim, "How simple! Why was it not thought of before?" Such thoughts occur at once to those who glance through the method of learning to play the piano by the system known as Naunton's National Music System—a system which eliminates flats, sharps, accidentals, and wearisome scales and exercises.

Music has attractions for everyone, and the desire to be able to sit down to the piano and play music grave or

gay is universal. Many have tried by the old methods and after many weeks and sometimes years of study have given up in desperation because their interest, instead of being encouraged, has been damped out through dull and monotonous practising of scales and failure to be able to play tunes and pieces.

The principals of Naunton's National Music System claim that by their system "Failure is impossible," and the fact that over 50,000 students have taken up this method and that there has not been a single failure recorded proves the veracity of this claim.

From the first lesson tunes can be played, and after but a few lessons the student can not only play simple pieces but can accompany singers, play dance music, and even "transpose" music—a feat of musical ability that persons who have been trying to learn music for years under the old style find impossible to think of, much less accomplish.

EVERYONE CAN PLAY TO-DAY.

It makes no difference whether students have had previous lessons or not, whether their age is eighty or eight, it is guaranteed that from the first lesson they can play correctly.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

STRANGE how an accident may determine the whole course of one's life. While still in his twenties Philip Snowden had a a terrible cycle smash which laid him up for months and crippled him for ever. During the period of total disablement he read omniverously, and by the time he could get about again he was a confirmed Socialist. Instantly he set about trying to convert the local Liberal Party—but, strange though it may seem, the local Liberal Party refused to be converted. So he left it and joined the I.L.P.

For years he did a lot of work on municipal bodies—training himself, as it were, for the weightier matters of the State. And all the time he was reading, reading, reading—soaking in knowledge from books and squeezing it out again from the platform.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, whatever his budget may be, is the whole-hogger of his Party. He doesn't believe in temporary panaceas, such as the Capital Levy, however much he may give that policy his lip-service. He is a Socialist, pure and simple (not that Socialism could ever be described as simple), and no half-way house methods will receive his wholehearted support.

In addition he is *the* intellectual driving-force of his Party—a man who brings to an immense knowledge of facts and figures a white-hot passionate conviction that Socialism is the only conceivable creed and that Socialists are "the chosen people." And he isn't afraid of his beliefs. He has often had to whip his comrades into the open and force them to make a clean breast of the faith that is in them. With him Socialism is a religion, not a Party-cry: it is the great redeeming fact of the universe.

BUT it is precisely here that we touch his chief failing. We have heard of this Religion of Fact before. A hundred and thirty years ago it was enthroned by the Philip Snowden of that age (his name was Robespierre) as the Goddess of Reason. And its chief drawback as a religion is that humanity would have to be born all over again, and born differently—with, say, enlarged brains instead of enlarged hearts, livers or spleens—in order to accept the gospel without complaint.

Of course I'm not seriously comparing Snowden with Robespierre. The latter was simply a loathsome fool, while the former is a man whose essential nobility of mind is proved by the fact that for a whole generation he has toiled like a slave to fit himself to *serve* his fellow-men.

Nevertheless his outlook—founded on fact-and-figure worship—is cold, inhuman, and therefore wrong. His

The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P.

personal popularity, and indeed the popularity of Socialism as a theory, is due solely to the callousness, indifference and brainless inefficiency of the Conservatives and Liberals who have forfeited the right to serve their country men in the high offices of State.

PHILIP SNOWDEN has never really enjoyed life. For him it has been one long mental labour, one unending physical pain. His comrades respect and admire him, but they do not call him Philip. Which tells us the truth about him—and paints his tragedy too.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Septuagenarian Offender

by HARRISON OWEN

FREDERICK MEAD, age seventy-six, was charged with lagging superfluous on the Bench at Marlborough Street police court and with maliciously wounding the Bull public with a quill pen dipped in gall.

"In support of the latter charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I will put in a long letter which the accused contributed to the Press, setting forth his views on the housing question. The burden of this remarkable effusion is that there are not too few Englishmen's homes, but there are too many Englishmen! The accused thinks that too many people live in London because it has too many attractions, although, by his efforts to restrict the use of Hyde Park at night to policemen and the paid spies of the Council for the Promotion of Public Morals, this Marlborough Street mandarin has done his best to curtail these attractions.

"The accused asserts that the overcrowding of London is partly due to the fact that it attracts a vast army of 'parasites' and 'wastrels,' and mentions, 'as an instance of its attractions in this respect,' that he knows of a woman who travels from Windsor daily to sell studs in Regent Street. To class humble but industrious street traders of this kind with 'parasites' and 'wastrels' is but the latest of many insults which the accused has from time to time hurled at various sections of the community, and, indeed, at the community as a whole, for only a few years ago, when thousands of men in the trenches were doing their honest best to keep England a place fit for septuagenarians to drivel in, he announced: 'In all phases of society the standard of honesty is terribly low.'

"NOW this weird law-giver informs us that the 'only effective remedy for overcrowding' is 'legal repression.' What he suggests is that when a family is found to be living in an overcrowded house the head of the family should be fined! Many of these people, he alleges, 'have deliberately made the bed on which they lie' by marrying too early. He also offers a brand-new excuse for further postponement of house-building by putting forward the fatuous argument that 'the greater the accommodation the greater will be the influx of undesirable strangers.'

"It might as reasonably be urged," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "that the more magistrates, wise or foolish, there are, the greater will be the influx of criminals."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that a great deal of extraneous matter had been included in his learned friend's speech, but all that had been urged against his client on the main charge was that he was in favour of keeping the population of London small and select, instead of allowing it to become larger by providing houses for all and sundry.

"Judging by his past performances on the Bench," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "the prisoner has a genius for saying and doing the wrong thing, although, fortunately, unlike those laws of the Medes which, history tells us, were unalterable, the magisterial decisions of this particular Mead have been upset with monotonous regularity. I can only say that I have never heard anything more callous than the suggestion that the housing problem should be 'solved' by turning the poor out of such houses as they are at present able to occupy. It is useless to expect that a man of the prisoner's age will reform, so there is no course open to me save to sentence him to compulsory retirement from the Bench."

Tortures of a Tainted Man

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

IF any justification were needed for the investigations we are pursuing into the administration of the Borstal Institutions, surely it is to be found in the poignant letter our contributor reproduces below. It is a letter that tells of the horrors of the Borstal of former days—when "John Bull" alone cried for reform. How Borstal has changed as our demands have grown more insistent!

LIKE a voice from the dim and dreary past there came in my mail this week a letter whose contents have made me more than ever glad that JOHN BULL has investigated the administration of the Borstal Institutions.

When, month after month, we called for reform and pleaded for the boys behind the grim walls of the prisons, it was not infrequently asserted that our stories were exaggerated. Such things could not be, we were told.

The letter that came to me from "P. K.," an old Borstal boy, is one of the most moving human documents I have read. And in its straightforward simplicity it more than vindicates the stand we have always taken.

I had intended to write about the Institution at Aylesbury to-day, but the voice of "P. K." calls out for attention. And it shall have it!

HERE is his story. It needs no words of mine to drive home the horror of the old days at Borstal:

On July 3, 1914, I was convicted for various offences, office-breaking, safe-stealing, etc., and sentenced to Bradford Quarter Sessions to two years in a Borstal Institution. I had a good home, a religious mother, and some of the best girls in the world for sisters.

But one thing that discounted all these things was my love of excitement. My first few days in Armley Jail were nightmares. At that time we were on the same landing (A.4) as men who had spent years in prison, some of them the worst types of criminal in the calendar. The warders would as soon raise their feet to us as speak to us.

We went through exactly the same prison routine as the "convicts" and hard labour men, except that we were turned out for physical exercise at six a.m.

* * *

After three weeks at Armley we were gathered together one bright morning, a handcuff fastened on each one's right hand, and a chain linked through them all. The tragedy of it! Chains that some of these lads could scarcely bear the weight of!

We were then led out to the prison van. We could only sit in one position in the van, and every move gave the handcuff a twist which nipped the wrist and sent a sharp stabbing pain up the arm.

On arrival at Wakefield Jail we were "unlocked" from the chain, and given a bath, afterwards being dressed up in a coarse drab jacket with broad arrows stamped on it, a pair of cord knee-breeches, and black stockings with stripes. Shoes, a glengarry cap, waistcoat, coarse dark flannel shirt with red stripe and cotton drawers completed the outfit. Truly a sight for the gods, seeing that the clothes were given out without any thought to sizes or fit.

* * *

The following morning we were all paraded at the Governor's office, and after our names, numbers, etc., had been called we were given a short lecture about the rules and regulations. Then to work.

From eight in the morning until twelve noon, I was employed scrubbing floors with cold water, no soap, and a piece of sacking for a floor-cloth. Anyone trying to scrub a floor under such circumstances in civil life would be regarded as mentally deficient. At twelve o'clock we were locked up in our cells for dinner; after which we had a few minutes' leisure in which to read. At one-thirty we were unlocked again to continue polishing rails, scrubbing paint, and other odd jobs, a strict silence being maintained the whole time.

Four o'clock and back into our cells, to stay there until six the following morning, but before being locked up each one was given a bundle of coir rope to roll into balls during the evening, about the size of footballs. Anyone who has had this work to do, without any protection for the hands, will vouch for the truth of my words when I say that blood streamed from my hands after the first three days.

* * *

AFTER two more days I could continue no longer, and told the warder that, whatever the consequences might be, I could not carry on. Then I was given a bundle of carpet clippings to pull to pieces, one strand at a time.

Sometimes we were allowed to work in the prison grounds, but seeing that so many officers were called up for Service, this was not often, as some of these boys were intent on escape at the first opportunity, myself included. However, the opportunity never presented itself, and we were eventually drafted to H.M. Borstal Institution, Rochester.

The means of transport and the shame of being marched across a crowded station linked together on the chain often recurs to me. Whatever we had done, God knows we were punished during that journey.

I heard one distinguished-looking gentleman say, as we passed, "Poor devils. Fastened up like mad dogs"—or words to that effect. I may seem to put a sharp edge upon my words, but I never quite lost the bitterness that entered my soul during my experience. Remember, I was only a boy, but still had sense to know I had done wrong. Again I blame the love of excitement that brought me to ruin.

In April, 1915, I was released to join H.M. Forces, and went "across" in June or July. I took my place in and out of the front line, my first big action being the Battle of Loos, on the September 25, 1915. On the October 13, I was injured in the chest and suffered with concussion from a shell-burst, in front of Hulloch.

* * *

FROM there I was sent to hospital in Rouen, and asked to be returned to my battalion in January, 1916. Then I continued as headquarter runner until I was transferred to the M.G.C. in June, when we went by road to join the Somme offensive which was timed to start on July 1.

Then, on Sunday, August 25, I got my full issue from Jerry's armoury. From that time I was in pain, and finally, found unfit to wear equipment.

However, I managed to stick to the Service, then, when I thought it was safe to ask, I went in for my transfer back to the infantry.

I landed back in the front line, on the Arras front, and was in the last big push, being discharged in February, 1919. Then came my tribulation.

When I attempted to find work the first question I was asked was: "Where did you work before the war?" No, I could not tell anyone I was a Borstal boy.

I have had several manual jobs, but had to give them up on account of my wounds. No one will employ me without references, although I guarantee that no one would be sorry they employed me. I have walked over nine hundred miles in my search for work, and owing to getting wet, being forced to sleep out, and other hardships of the road, I have had to enter hospital suffering with asthma.

* * *

I want work, and have appealed to all manner of employers of labour, but to no avail. Anyway, who wants a Borstal boy? I would like a try at hotel work, but references bar the way there. I would appeal to Sir Wemyss Grant Wilson, but I want to forget Borstal as I knew it, and all its associations.

Borstal, I again assert, will not prevent crime, unless the prison part is eliminated. Why not send the boys straight from the place of conviction, instead of allowing them to get the prison taint?

* * *

TRULY, here is a real human document. The special points of interest, so far as my investigation is concerned, are these: In the first place, his testimony supports my criticism against using prisons as a waiting-place before being sent to Borstal. In my article on Wandsworth Prison I made that perfectly clear.

Mr. Sydney Moseley, whose vivid articles are being read with absorbing interest.

So far as handcuffing the boys is concerned, "P.K." will be glad to know that this has been abolished.

Secondly, prison vans are not used now to carry boys to Borstal. Broad arrows and the other prison paraphernalia are also relics of a perfectly inhuman past. I fear that scrubbing floors is still part of a Borstal boy's experiences; but he is promoted to better grade employment after three months.

Dinners are not served in cells. That is a recent reform. After the day's work the boys are no longer sent back to cells.

"P. K.'s" description of the terrible journey in chains sounds like a story of the Middle Ages. Public opinion would stand nothing of the sort to-day.

AS incredible as it reads, however, to one who knows the new conditions at Borstal, "P. K.'s" letter is backed up by another statement made by an Islington reader:

"I was sentenced at the Clerkenwell Sessions to three years' Borstal," he declares. "From there I was sent to Wormwood Scrubbs. I was there about twelve days, and then was sent with others, handcuffed and with a long chair fastened to us till we arrived at Rochester.

"It was there that I learnt the downward path."

This ex-Borstal boy, however, admits that he got into hot water again. But his punishment was as follows: Three days bread and water, and fourteen days No. 2 diet (meals of water, porridge, bread) and penal grade till further orders.

"My hands were blistered to the bone. . . . A proper nightmare," he adds pathetically.

"BORSTAL will not prevent crime, unless the prison part is eliminated," "P. K." asserts.

Well, he and my other correspondent may be assured that I have been satisfied that steps are now being taken to eliminate the conditions described by our correspondents. The whole purpose of this investigation was to see whether the intense demand for reforms had been heard—whether the old harsh systems had been humanised. From my previous articles it has been made clear that the system is now growing a heart where formerly it had only a heavy hand.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

The Bad Debt

"SOME years ago a friend of mine committed a great folly, and by raising all the money I could, I saved him from exposure—not even his wife knowing of his one bad 'lapse' from honour—and somehow after that we slowly, he and I, drifted apart.

"He took up a position in Ireland, where I eventually lost sight of him. He returned small portions of the money I had lent him in his hour of trouble, then nothing more. By accident I recently met his wife in London, at a friend's house, and find she is worth a good deal of money. She is a widow now, and worships the memory of her late husband, who it seems made the money he has left her during the war.

"She is well off: I am comparatively poor. If she knew what her husband owed me she would pay it all without demur, I know, but I could only prove the debt by showing her his letters to me, and thus informing her of his lapse. It would *hurt* her. The money would be a godsend to me—but should I tell her all, please?"

"Humanist" says:—*Put the position to your friend's widow, without blackening the memory of your late friend any more than you can help and let me know the result.*

A Sister's Trouble

"I HAVE a younger sister about whom I am rather anxious, and wonder if you could give me some advice? We have no parents and my sister earns her living keeping house for a family consisting of father, mother and two daughters, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen. They are apparently well known and respected in the village in which they live, although the lady of the house is of a somewhat peculiar temperament, and is constantly changing her employees.

"The house is a large one, standing in extensive grounds, and there are numbers of chickens, ducks, geese, etc., to be fed and looked after. As, however, my sister is devoted to birds and animals of all kinds, she does not find this a great hardship. But I know that she is working much too hard, as she does all this out-of-door work in addition to her household duties, which are heavy.

"When I saw her a few days ago I was shocked to find how thin and ill she was looking, and begged her to leave, but she will not do so. She admits that there is a great deal to do, and that she works early and late, and I can only think that her mistress must have some sort of influence over her.

"An old friend of the family is very anxious for my sister to live with her and her daughter. I know she would have an easy post with them, and a comfortable home; whereas if she stays where she is, she is certain to have a breakdown sooner or later."

"Humanist" says:—*You have no legal control over your sister and it may be that your sisterly advice is not so sound as it is insistent. Why not get her to promise that she will consult a doctor? If overwork is the cause of her ill-health the doctor's report should cause her mistress to treat her with more consideration.*

An Unwanted Lover

"WHILST doing her bit during the Great War, a dear friend of mine met a man some sixteen years her senior. Preparations were made for their marriage, even to the banns being published, when to everyone's surprise the man cried it off, refusing to marry my friend on the grounds of insanity in his family.

"After a heart-breaking period for the poor girl, she eventually met and married her old sweetheart, and has enjoyed eighteen months' happiness with him. Now, however, her peace of mind is threatened. With every post she gets a parcel, either of a beautiful piece of jewellery or a costly box of chocolates. The poor girl doesn't know what to do, because (although she has never had a line of writing enclosed in the presents, and the address is always typewritten) she fears her former admirer is the sender.

"This morning, whilst I happened to be visiting her, she had the shock of her life to see him standing in the road staring straight at us through the window. He had the temerity to call again this afternoon and threaten her if she did not consent to go away with him. I may add he has recently become very wealthy through the death of a relative. What is the best step for her to take to stop his antics?"

"Humanist" says:—*Obviously your friend should tell her husband. You cannot take any chances with this form of troublesome eccentricity. The man should be finally warned off; if necessary, by the police.*

The Wage-Slave's Sacrifice

"THREE years ago I migrated from my native village to the town in which I now live. I was then counted in our small circles rather an adept at my work of millinery, and in order to give my invalid widowed mother the luxuries she needs I resolved to try for one of the highly paid posts in one of the big cities.

"How my hopes have been shattered! I have had to undertake work for one of the sweating firms who consider '7s. 6d. and all found' a high weekly rate of remuneration.

"For two years I have worked under such conditions, and except for a few coppers laid aside for clothing, I have sent all my pay to satisfy my mother's needs. I am thoroughly disheartened by this sordid struggle, which offers no cheering ray to brighten my endeavours. I see with a growing degree of envy the careless happiness of my sister-workers whose moral code is not so insistent on virtue as my own.

"The unemployment problem at home prevents me from returning to my mother's roof and condemns me to this life of poor terms, poor food, miserable rooms and sacrifice of means and happiness.

"Why, I ask myself, should I, too, not proceed with the others on this easy road to the good time they enjoy so much? It is easy for wealthy prelates to preach, but not so easy for the body, hungry after happiness, to resist temptation."

"Humanist" says:—*I sympathise deeply with your hard life. But you will not be happier if you compromise with honour. Try to get a better job: you could scarcely have a worse.*

Her Father's Consent

"I HAVE just returned from the registrar's office, having failed to give notice of my marriage. The official there insisted on the written consent of my fiancée's father, as she is under age.

"My fiancée's father deserted his wife and three children, fifteen years ago, and went away to his native land in the Antipodes. My fiancée was three years of age, the next two, and the third a babe in arms. The mother struggled for some two years, writing every week to her husband to help her, but in vain.

Finally the unfortunates went into the workhouse. But my little fiancée was, and is, such a sweet, beautiful child that she had been saved from the workhouse by a distant relative. Regularly, at frequent intervals, for the last thirteen years, this good woman had been writing to the girl's father for a little support for the child's education, as she herself only earned 27s. a week, and having to support another on the same sum. But her letters had never been answered. The father—God save the mark!—had never given a penny to his children, nor had he ever given a thought. As far as he is concerned, he has no children. I ask you, Humanist, if such a person could be termed 'father'?

"Tell me quick, please, that that official had made a mistake, and that we can do without the consent of the father. Or, tell me, is there another way of getting married legally, in our circumstances?"

"Humanist" says:—*If you wish to be married in a registry office I see only one alternative—to wait till the girl is of age—unless the father will give his written consent, which you do not say you have asked, or unless you can find a registrar who will accept the mother's consent as guardian. But why not be married in church—where the father's consent is not obligatory?*

Disablement and Marriage.

"My sister is engaged to a man who lost his eye in the war. Is it safe? Is there not a danger of the other eye going?"

That is a question for a doctor. But many such marriages have been quite successful.

Ready to Run.

"I foolishly asked my tailor, in a note, to give credit to a young lady I know. Now I am being sued in a paternity case—the letter is against me. Should I take my father's advice and leave the country?"

No. Be a man. Stand your ground and fight your battle. It is not lost before it has begun.

The Husband's Job.

"My husband is a detective at present rounding up street-betting offenders. The man sharing our house is engaged on this business, but my husband hasn't yet found him out. He is unemployed. Should I give away his secret?"

No, certainly not. It is your husband who is the detective, not you. Let the cobbler stick to his last.

A Drug-addict.

"What can I do to prevent my husband from drug-taking? He is ruining his health and character and will certainly lose his job. He is a school-teacher."

In such a case a doctor and a friend are the best allies—the doctor to help by prescription, the friend by company, safeguarding against temptation and nerve wear and tear. Don't nag your husband—that is the worst thing of all.

Palmistry or Starvation?

"I can teach French and Italian and Russian, but cannot get work. I am clever at palmistry. Should I take it up or must I starve?"

The reading of character by the hand is just as legitimate as phrenology, or the reading of character by the "bumps" of the head. It is the palmists who pretend to tell fortunes who invite criticism.

The Fuddler.

"One of the clerks under me is regularly fuddled with drink. I have warned him—without avail. If I don't report him, I shall get into trouble."

Take a final risk for his sake and warn him again. After that you must protect yourself and your employer. It is no kindness to the offender always to overlook the offence. But make sure that he understands that you mean it.

Cash or Credit?

"A dressmaker in a Welsh village, I get plenty of custom, but have to give so long credit that my father has to keep me. He wants me to give up business. Should I?"

Business is a delusion unless you get something out of it. Decline to sell goods unless you are paid within a specified time. You must tackle the problem sooner or later. Why not now? A few customers who pay are better than many who don't.

A Peeress to Be.

"My sister is engaged to a rich man who may become a peer. He is a man to avoid where a woman is concerned. Someone who knows him well urged me long ago to make my sister break off the engagement, but she has not spoken to me since I warned her. I fear for her future."

You can do no more. I only hope that your sister is a better judge of character than you are.

Politics and Character.

"I have been asked to join the Labour Party, with a prospect of a seat. When a youth I made a slip—and went to jail. I lived it down and made good. But it may come up again."

Consider the party as well as your own happiness. It might do them harm—tell the local Party organiser the truth. If the world were full of reasonable people, they would forget a past nobly expiated. Unfortunately it is not.

Words Winged to Women

Unwanted Children

by MABEL HORNER

SPRING is in the air. The time has come for opening windows, getting rid of dust and dirt, and letting in the good, golden sunshine. It's a famous opportunity for getting rid of rubbish! While women are about it why not clean up thoughts as well as houses?

Thoughts are important. Thoughts get concreted into phrases. And time-honoured phrases may bring in their train untold agony to millions.

For instance, take that phrase we know so well, "the unwanted child." How wicked it is. There should be no such thing as an unwanted child.

Every child born into a civilised community should, by right of birth, inherit all the best that community has to give. Every child should have a right to its father's name. Every child should be regarded as an asset of which the community is proud.

If some parents have defied the social law of the community, or if some young mother has been wronged, where in the name of heaven can we find the spiritual law that gives us sanction to fasten the stigma on the child?

We know we cannot find such a spiritual law.

But we can and have made a bad earthly law. In our wilful blindness to the beauty of childhood, in our cruel resentment of broken convention, we permit the stigma "illegitimate" to fetter through life the child unfortunate enough to be born out of wedlock.

The words "illegitimate," "bastard," "natural"—save the mark!—are legal inventions against the "unwanted" child for the protection of property. They have been carefully perpetuated for the protection of morals, but the facts prove they do nothing of the kind.

Only in rare instances does the utterly immoral girl become the mother of a child.

That the innocent girl may so become at the instance of an *immoral* man only makes more wicked this penalisation of the child. Women secure in their own position of legal wifehood and motherhood have not given sufficient consideration to the question of stigmatising the innocent child.

This is the whole crux of the trouble. It is not want of heart. Nor, frankly speaking, is it prudery, for never were there days when women showed themselves more ready to take daring excursions into the unconventional. It must then be lack of thought. And through lack of thought—lack of imagination—that most innocent of all creatures on God's earth, the new-born child, comes weighted with a handicap of "shame"; branded for a sin that never is, nor could be, its own!

Women can, and must, unite to right this wrong. To do so, to press for reform of the legitimacy laws, to range alongside those already working for the freedom and happiness of the child, is not to condone wrong-doing in any sense of that word.

It is commonly agreed that certain well-defined codes of moral law—binding equally on men as women—are necessary as cement to bind together the social fabric in decency and harmony. When the code is ruthlessly ignored disharmony sets in.

But we must desist from making the child the victim of our broken melodies.

It is not the treatment savage races mete out to their children. It is lower than the treatment meted out by the creatures of the wild to their young. It is unworthy of Christianity.

It must stop.

And if women—think only and always of the child, it will.

Why do Babies Cry?

FROM the shadows in the corner of the room a low whimper broke the silence, and the woman sitting by the fire raised her wearied head to listen. Across her lined face there flashed the agony-look of unslept hours.

The whimper gave way to a little cry of pain. The woman rose slowly and crossed the floor to the shadows.

In a moment the tiny bundle of humanity was out of its cradle and nestling into her breast, the gargle of pain choked back in the close embrace of mother-love.

The lined face gazed beseechingly down into the puckered one of the baby.

"Why can't you sleep, my precious?" she asked softly. "Or why doesn't God give you a voice to tell me what is troubling you—what is making you cry? I would so love to ease your pain and take away your crying!"

A wail broke from the baby in reply. The furrows on the woman's face seemed to deepen as she looked helplessly into the eyes of the little being she had brought into the world.

The door opened softly and she turned to meet her neighbour.

"I heard baby cry, Mrs. Watson," the newcomer said, "and I thought I would look in. Isn't there anything you can do for her? It's terrible the way you're losing your sleep."

She shook her head dumbly.

"You know," went on the stranger, crossing to look into the baby's face, "I don't think there's so very much the matter. I think it's a question of baby's food more than anything. I'm sure you're giving her the wrong stuff."

"But how can I find out?"

"Well, why not write to JOHN BULL about it?"

"To JOHN BULL—about *babies!*"

"Why not?"

* * *

Why not, mothers? Don't you know that our wonderful Advice Service has at its command the knowledge of a woman versed in Baby and Mother matters? She's waiting to help *you!* And all that her expert advice will cost you is—a stamped addressed envelope inside your letter!

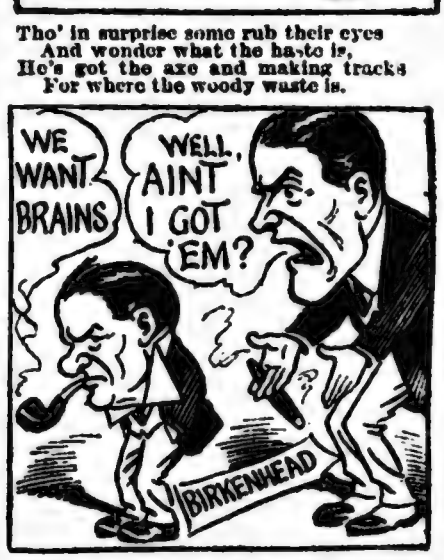
And we give free advice on *every* problem that's worrying you—whether it's babies or bawbees!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Tho' in surprise some rub their eyes
And wonder what the haste is,
He's got the axe and making tracks
For where the woody waste is.



"I daily yell aloud and tell
Them what a brain I've got.
Yet do I find my Party kind?
No, frankly, I do not!"

We're not inclined to be unkind
Our nature isn't Hunnish,
But now and then we *do* meet men
We'd like to gently punish.

"I can't," he cries, "believe my eyes!
This is indeed a cwushor!
My massive bwain won't stand the stwain
We're going to twade with Wussia!"

A
memo. for
LINCOLN & NATIONAL.
"DUGGIE"
rules an empire of satisfied punters—

"I was amused by Douglas Stuart's advertisement on Thursday morning in the *Sporting Life*, claiming that he was paying out £150,000 over Verdict, a winner which one newspaper gravely announces was 'good for the book.' And because I am by nature sceptical, I dropped in at his office, to find that £99,200 of the bigger sum had been despatched that morning! I saw both the cheques and the vouchers. Douglas Stuart is something more than a 'double event king.' He rules an empire of satisfied punters."

JOHN BULL.

LINCOLN & NATIONAL

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¼ Odds for Place Doubles

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5, Drury Street
GLASGOW.

Daily S.P. Business
A SPECIALITY

—

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"—*vide Press*

Can Silvo Win the

The Splendid Record of the Probable Favourite

UNLESS I am very much mistaken, Silvo is going to develop into a strong favourite for the National. He won the Troytown Handicap 'Chase at Lingfield easily with his ears pricked, and this is bound to consolidate his position in the market.

The Troytown 'Chase was the son of Minter's eighth successive win over fences and Captain Whitaker makes no secret of the fact that he expects to win the Blue Riband of the winter game at Aintree.

Silvo has to carry five pounds more than he shouldered to victory in the Grand Sefton at Liverpool last November, so he is no stranger to the course, and on this occasion he had over a dozen of the National horses behind him. He meets the same animals on more or less similar terms.

Personally, I think he will find the four and a half miles farther than he cares to go, but should he win, his victory will recompense Captain Whitaker for his ill-luck in the past.

The St. Giles' trainer thought that he had a certainty in Arravale last year and the year before. In the opinion of most judges Arravale would have won Music Hall's race but for jumping on to a dead horse—Awbeg—at Valentine's Brook. Last March he met with no better luck, for he was baulked at Becher's.

If Silvo is with the leaders at the last jump his speed will carry him to victory, but it is a big if.

£1,700 for £1.

Silvo commenced his winning sequence last February. No one could imagine that he would pocket eight 'chases right off the reel—but if only we knew. Out of curiosity I have worked out a £1 accumulator on his eight wins. The nimble quidlet would now be £1,700.

Very nice.

This Week's Racing.

Owing to the exceptionally large entries for Newbury and Kempton, winners are not very easy to find at the moment, but the fields will dwindle down and my code selections will be triers.

Trainers to follow this week at Newbury are Martin and Bennett. Martin has entered the following horses: Test Match, Golden Victory, Contractor, Silken Prince and Black Forest. The first two should be backed. Bennett is responsible for over a dozen entries.

At Kempton you will probably make money as usual by following F. Hartigan. Hogan will be up.

My six selections are

NEWBURY.
Golden Victory, Test Match, Clackmannan.

KEMPTON.
Kirkharle, Redhill, Redmer.

MORE CODE SUCCESSES
My code selections since February 1st show A PROFIT OF 5 POINTS
January's Selections backed each way WON 8 POINTS

Patched-up Horses and the Lincoln.

A punter tells me that he fancies Clackmannan as a good outsider for the Lincoln, but he is afraid to risk his money because he understands that the horse is in the habit of breaking blood-vessels.

Naturally, a little peculiarity like this does not enhance a horse's prospects, but Clackmannan is supposed to be cured. Anyway, he showed a clean pair of heels to some useful hurdlers last week. I should never be afraid of backing a patched-up horse for the Lincoln. Berrilldon broke blood-vessels, yet he won in 1918. Mercutio and Cinderello had dicky legs at one time, but were sent to the post fit, and romped away with the race. A better performance still was Glenside's. He only possessed one eye, but that was a good one. He was the only horse of twenty-six to stand up in the Grand National of 1911.

Suspended for "Perniciousness."

The more I see of racing on the Continent, and the more I hear of racing in America, the more I come to the conclusion that racing in England is run on the best lines. I do not hold a brief for the honesty of the Turf, but we have much to be thankful for.

I have just been glancing through the list of suspensions which took place in America last year. Over one hundred jockeys and trainers were on the mat before the stewards for various offences, and summarily punished. Our list of offenders is not half so large. Several jockeys were suspended indefinitely for incompetence and one trainer had his licence withdrawn for "general perniciousness."

Our stewards are more explicit.

The "Flat" Catcher.

Tons of Money—the Tishy of last year—looks like blossoming out into a nice hurdler. He ran quite a good race at Birmingham. Tons of Money failed ten times on the flat, and I saw him on several occasions. He would go down to the starting post like a lion, but always came back like a lamb.

PADDOCK PARS.

Form horses for the National are Silvo, Conjuror II. and Taffytus.

Of these I prefer Taffytus. My outsiders are Drifter and Master Robert.

I understand that Escott will ride Kwang Su in the National. G. Calder, who won on Pirawinder last week, has been engaged for Drifter.

Frank Wootton intends to have a cut at the Irish jumping meetings when our season ends.

Last week's catastrophies: three horses killed and six jockeys injured.

Hence the reintroduction of tin hats for jockeys.

Will ten stone stop Epinard? The same weight did not stop Minting from winning the Jubilee. He won with a stone in hand, too.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 1

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
Birmingham, *Bolton W., *Everton, Huddersfield, *Manchester C., *Sunderland, Tottenham, W. Bromwich.
Away Winners.
Aston V., West Ham.
Draw.
Arsenal v. Liverpool.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
*Blackpool, Coventry, *Palace, *Derby C., *Fulham, *Wednesday, Southampton, *Stoke.
Away Winners.
*Manchester U.
Draws.
*Bristol C. v. Leicester C., Hull v. Bury.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).
Home Winners.
Charlton, *Northampton, *Norwich, *Plymouth, *Queen's P.R., *Swansea, Swindon, *Watford.
Away Winner.
*Brighton.
Draws.
*Gillingham v. Millwall, Newport v. Luton.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III (Northern).
Home Winners.
*Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, Durham, *Rochdale, *Rotherham.
Away Winner.
*Ashington.
Draws.
Doncaster v. Grimsby, *Southport v. Wolves, *Wrexham v. Halifax, *Lincoln v. Wigan.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Dundee, Falkirk, *Motherwell.
Away Winners.
*Hibernians, *Rangers, Celtic.
Draws.
*Aberdeen v. Airdrieonians, Clydebank v. Third Lanark, *Hearts v. Raith R., *Queen's Park v. Hamilton.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Heading for

NEXT Saturday evening, if all the Cup-ties are decided, eight clubs will still be heading for Wembley, but as there may be a draw or two, perhaps a dozen at the week-end will still be left in the greatest of all soccer competitions.

If I were asked to make a book on the tourney as it now stands, I should bet on the following lines:

7 to 2—Huddersfield.
4 to 1—Aston Villa.
5 to 1—Cardiff.
7 to 1—Liverpool.
8 to 1—West Bromwich.
10 to 1—Southampton, Brighton and Newcastle United.
100 to 8—Manchester City and Burnley.
100 to 7—Notts County or Crystal Palace, Swindon and Leeds.
20 to 1—Wolverhampton Wanderers.
33 to 1—Bristol City.
50 to 1—Watford.

A Perplexing Tie.

The tie which is more perplexing than any other is the Southampton—Liverpool clash at Southampton. Having knocked-out the holders and subsequently beaten them in a league match, Liverpool should have their old confidence restored.

Changing the wing men over seems to have been a wise move, even if the Chambers-Hopkin formation was formidable for so long. I should say, however, that Liverpool will hope for a fine day and a dry ground. They have a heavy concession to make to Southampton in the important matters of age and weight, and when the ground at the Dell is heavy it is no place for veterans.

If the going is good, I think there will be a very close game and the issue may depend on the ability of Parker and Titmuss to hold the Liverpool forwards. The "Saints" must look to their backs to play up to the top of their form.

Liverpool, I am sure, will be quite content with a draw, but Southampton I think will just win.

Tip to Cardiff.

There has been a belated revival in the fortunes of Bristol City, but surely Cardiff City have only to keep their heads to win comfortably! The most experienced players are apt to get panicky in a Cup-tie, but Cardiff are so much more stronger in every position bar goal that the result looks a foregone conclusion, providing Cardiff adopt their normal methods and are not led away into a kick-and-rush struggle.

I shall not be annoyed if Bristol force a replay, since I have the British trait of sympathy for the under-dog, but to give any other tip than a win for Cardiff would be the equivalent to temporarily discarding all one's belief in football skill.

National?

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Catamaran.—Escott's mount was placed third to Pride of Manister at Windsor. The gelding was not unduly pressed when his jockey realised that he could not win. It may be advisable to bear this fact in mind. Catamaran will win races.

Dazzard.—Money has been piled on Earl's horse on two occasions recently. He was backed to beat Kepplestone at Ludlow and, following this, started an odds-on chance at Windsor. He will atone for his two costly failures shortly.

Clove Pink.—After clearing the last jump in the County Hurdle at Manchester, Clove Pink went after Limosin at a rare rattle, and I considered he was unlucky in just failing to reach him. This was Clove Pink's second outing over the hurdles. On the first occasion he ran second to George Crag. He is a stylish jumper, and will most likely win next time out.

Chin Chin.—This is an old favourite of mine. He put up a splendid performance in trying to give Royal Chancellor 26 lbs. at Birmingham. He is most consistent and should be backed win and place whenever seen out.

The Shark.—Fell when leading the field in the February Handicap at Manchester. Previously he ran well behind Stuff Gown at Haydock. After a little more schooling this one will be popping up at a nice price.

Craggie Rock.—Orbell's horse was my code selection when he won at 7 to 2 at Haydock. I believe I was the only writer to tip him. Craggie Rock is just finding his form. He won six races in succession last year. I do not think he will repeat this performance, but I should back him for his next few outings.

Vambrace.—Has yet to score over the jumps, but improves with every outing. He ran well in Gianforte's race at Warwick.

Tedney.—Came a purler at Ludlow in the Caynham Hurdle when going well. He has won once this season, starting at 10 to 1. Make a note of Tedney for his next race.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News.*

P	M	B	I	L	F	G	X	2	
A	K	C	Z	T	7	3	U	00	
8	5	V	E	S	O	R	Q		
LL	MM	H	W	Y	N	J	D		

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

C J N P Q E P S would read BROADWAY.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from February 20 to February 26 inclusive.

Ormskirk.—Should have won the Surrey Chase at Lingfield, but was caught napping by Pacifist, who literally snatched the race in the last stride.

Border Ranger.—Put up a great show at Lingfield in running Stuff Gown to half a length at level weights. Border Ranger has won three of his last six races, and should never be allowed to run unbacked.

Antimagic.—Some weeks ago I suggested that Antimagic be backed each way whenever he ran. Since then he has run third at 100 to 7, second at 8 to 1, and fourth at 8 to 1. Keep on backing him.

Simonides.—Acted as pace-maker for over two miles in the Berkshire Chase at Windsor, but could not cope with Pride of Manister in the long run. Simonides is improving and should win at a nice price shortly.

"SILVER RING."

Wembley

Cup tie prospects of the "Third Rounders" discussed by our expert.

Villa and Leeds.

At Aston the bustling Leeds United team will do all they know to throw the Aston Villa machine out of gear. Leeds have two or three excellent players, Whipp particularly, but despite their defeat of West Ham, they have neither the individual skill or the combination of the Birmingham side. The Villa will have to fight hard to win, but will do it?

Watch Kelly.

I was anything but impressed with the form of Burnley when I saw them beat Fulham in the second-round display. Candidly Burnley would be a poor side were it not for the inspiration of Bob Kelly, and Huddersfield need not be unduly perturbed about their trip to Lancashire.

In all positions Huddersfield have the pull. I think they will win, and if it is a comfortable victory they should become clear favourites for the Cup.

COUPS FOR THIS WEEK-END.

My coups for this week-end are:—

8 HOME WINNERS:—Cardiff, Aston Villa, West Bromwich, Sheffield United, Halifax, South Shields, Leicester, Bury.

3 AWAY WINNERS:—Huddersfield, Swansea, Wigan.

3 DRAWS:—Barnsley v. Blackpool, Clapton v. Wednesday, Walsall v. Southport.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Cardiff, Bury, Halifax, Huddersfield, Swansea.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Cardiff, Swansea, Barnsley v. Blackpool.

A London Star.

It is not the fault of Harry Woods that the Arsenal are once more faced with the bogey of relegation. When Woods was secured by the London club during the last close season, it was rightly assumed that he was the type of forward who could, and has done, make openings for Turnbull, but the decline of the latter has rather defeated the object of the management.

Born at St. Helens, Woods commenced his career with Norwich City, and after the war was angled for by both South Shields and Newcastle United. He went to the former club, but Newcastle were persistent, and he joined the latter two seasons ago. He could not, however, keep a regular place in the first team at St. James's Park, and so moved south after his transfer fee had been fixed.

Woods allies a graceful figure and a sense of gentlemanliness both on and off the field to a standard of football which is beyond the majority.

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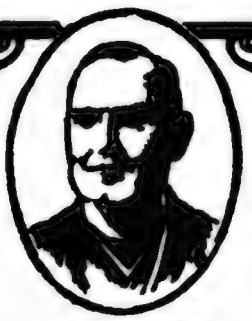
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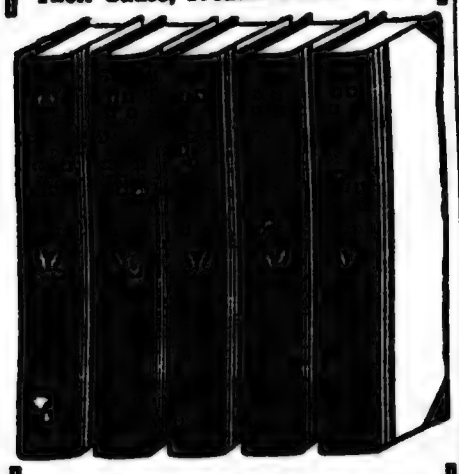

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Our Letter Parliament

Should Divorce be Easier?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Living in Sin.

Is it not time that facilities for divorce were made easier for the working people of this country? The rich man can obtain a divorce with comparative ease, but poorer people—merely through lack of means—are forced to live with each other long after love has died and when they want to be separated. To force people to live together in this way—living in what practically amounts to sin—is surely defeating the aims of the marriage ceremony. When two desire to live apart they should have some recourse without the taint of immorality usually attached to the divorce court.—*P. L., London, W.*

Broader Views.

The views of the world are getting broader on the question of divorce, and we are getting away from the narrow view-point that regarded separation as immoral. Surely if a man and woman want to separate they should have facilities for separation instead of being discouraged. Living together when love has gone is a terrible thing. Divorce should be encouraged in such cases, and we should regard it—not as something unclean—but as something *necessary* to a cleaner and purer national life.—*J. K., Leith.*

Aching Hearts.

"Any kind of legislation which lessens the power of the family and brings about easier divorce is very dangerous. We must respect the family," says Mr. H. H. Slesser, K.C., the Solicitor-General, though easier divorce is admittedly an essential need of the present day. There are aching hearts and shattered lives in the country because the law is that a mistake made at the altar rails can be remedied not by common-sense *but only through sin.*—*L. O. E., Manchester.*

"Marry in Haste."

Early marriages are mainly responsible for much unhappiness. The seriousness of the step taken is not properly understood by young inexperienced people. Many have, in after years, regretted the compact when it is too late. Should they be compelled to drag through life with each other in wretchedness because of an action taken in their youthful simplicity? I say no! Divorce should be made easier for such as these.—*M. Barlow, Watford.*

Cleaner National Life.

By mutual desire, a man and woman marry. When mutually they desire to separate after marriage, they cannot do so without committing some immorality! Surely, this is literally "living in sin," and it is a scandal that such an order of things should be allowed to exist in the twentieth century. There should be easier divorce, and the sooner we get it the better for our individual and our national life.—*Mrs. Jones, Brixton.*

By the Old Home Fire.

In these modern days the degradation of wedlock is held by many not as an offence to be condemned but as a virtue to be commended. It is revealed that barnyard relationships are not abhorred but indulged in, and that for hectic pleasures the shores of wedded life are strewn with wreckage. It is urged that some films and many novels have a sensual character, and that a world's craving for excitement rather than pleasure have created the present situation. But is it not possible that the real cause can be found in the decay of our old-fashioned home life?—*L. T., Bolton.*

Love's Longings.

Various authorities urge the need of health certificates before marriage shall take place. Quite as essential to the welfare of humanity is the financial standpoint. Let the man first reach a financial position at which he can provide a home suitable for the upbringing of his children and able to meet their needs adequately. By doing this I think that physically and morally the generations to come will improve beyond measure.—*J. H. Reiff, Eston.*

No Dutch Treats.

Mr. Bambrick writes that it is absurd that young men should always be expected to bear the whole cost of entertainment for their fair companions. But what young fellow calling himself a cavalier would permit a young lady to spend even a penny at any "show" to which he might take her? He who calls the tune pays the piper, and when a young man suggests to one of the other sex that she might do him the honour of accompanying him to an entertainment it is understood that he is willing and able to pay all expenses which may be incurred. *Toujours la politesse!*—*W. J. Mitchell, Elgin.*

Country's Backbone.

All true-to-type British workmen will thank "A Gentleman With a Duster" for his articles. The "smash everything" type of reformer is, happily, in a minority. The bulk of the workers are hard-working and hard-thinking men and women, who realise that home, food, health and enjoyment depend upon the steady maintenance of industry. They are the real Labour Party, and will see to it that their cause is not surrendered to the small, but noisy, "Red" element.—"*Worker,*" *Preston, Lancs.*

Public House Reform.

Responsibility in this direction does not rest entirely on the shoulders of the publican, but mostly on local authorities who issue and control the licence. These licences are issued from time to time, and being of short duration, are again renewed on police reports. I know of many publicans anxious to renovate their premises on reform lines, but owing to those conditions it is impossible for them to do so. The first step is for local authorities to extend the licence and give with it a guarantee.—*Alastair Macrae, Edinburgh.*

Blames the Barmaid.

I have been reading the replies to your statements on Prohibition. I fully endorse the remarks made by my fellow readers, and would like to say that one of the chief reasons of drunkenness in this country is occasioned through the barmaids. In America (before it went dry) there were no barmaids, only barmen being allowed to serve alcohol, consequently there were then fewer people in America who got drunk than there are people in England who get drunk at the present day.—*J. H. H., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Housing Ramps.

Thank you for your exposure of Mr. J. Stroud Nunn. Such mean, despicable individuals, deliberately planning and scheming to filch the savings of the poor, deserve the "Order of the Boot." It is a pity that the working classes do not know more about the Small Dwellings Acquisition Acts (abbreviated S.D.A.A.), under which their local authority can advance them 90 per cent. of the value placed upon the house by the surveyor—repayment of principal and *reasonable* interest, spread over a period up to thirty years. Full particulars can be obtained from the accountant to any local authority.—"*Excelsior,*" *Kent.*

Equality of Opportunity.

When H. G., Newcastle, wrote that Socialism in practice means the "reducing of everything to one dead level" and applying the closure to the developing of personal talents, he betrayed a lamentable ignorance of the subject. He must be aware that in the existing state of society a poor man's son, gifted with intelligence of a high order, is sent to work in the mill or factory, instead of college, and he must know how difficult it is for such a boy to achieve distinction. What the true Socialist—not the fire-eater or blood-thirsty agitator—aims at obtaining for the younger generation is equality of opportunity. It is absurd to state that Socialism would curb genius. It would encourage it.—*James Gray, Montrose, N.B.*

Sweated Registrars.

With regard to your paragraph, "A Sweated Registrar," the registrar in question is, as are all registrars, paid by fees, and his parlous plight is doubtless brought about by the fact that he has only a very lean district, as against other registrars who have better ones. Registrars' fees were fixed by statute in the year 1837 (when Queen Victoria came to the throne), and they have not been amended or increased since! Owing to the scattered nature of the offices, it is not possible for them to combine and strike (which would be a very awkward situation for the public), and all appeals to the Superintendent Registrar are met with the stereotyped reply that the fees are statutory and can only be altered by Act of Parliament.—*Another Registrar.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"ENFIELD GAZETTE & OBSERVER" (advert.):—"Wanted, few dressmaking lessons (FIT DAUGHTER AGED FIVE). State terms."

"THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN":—"Her EYES were alight with excitement as she WAVED THEM and tripped across the room."

"THE TIMES":—"Gentlewoman wanted to take charge, with mother, of three girls. College trained or EXPERIENCED YOUNG BABIES essential."

"ANSWERS" (serial):—"He sat MOTIONLESS, staring at the door and FINGERING HIS LIP."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Her every motion and WORD is a DELIGHT TO THE EYE."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Nelson Lee was looking HALF grim, HALF grave and HALF amused."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—"She smiled at him through her STILL WET TEARS."

"FORUM NOVELS":—"A middle-aged woman with her ARMS ROLLED UP, and a cooking-apron about her, approached her with a knife and a plate in her hand."

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0

STEPHEN DONOGHUE, The World-Famous Jockey, dressed by BARRY. (Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

We will refund not only the full amount of your purchase, but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

THE BEST £3 : 10 : 0 TO MEASURE
ALL WOOL INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK
BLUE SERGE SUIT EVER PRODUCED

A TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED COATS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

Read Mr. Willie Smith's (the great Billiards Champion) tribute to this wonderful Coat:

"Your Trench Coat has been my bosom friend during rough weather. It is certainly the smartest fitting coat of its type I have ever seen. The extra wool lining is particularly welcome on cold mornings, while the ease and rapidity with which this can be removed on warmer days is also a valuable feature of the Coat. I am, above all, impressed with the amplitude and careful cut of the storm collar. The coat, indeed, is an ideal all-weather Coat.

"Sincerely yours,
"WILLIE SMITH."

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer. The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof. A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it. Its detachable wool lining is removed in a few seconds, making it ideal wear both in cold and warm weather. The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

Why we Advise "After Every Meal"

Because "After every meal" is genuinely good advice based on scientific facts.

One of these facts has to do with saving teeth.

A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the "Daily Express" of the 27th June, says:

"To prevent the teeth decaying by "cleanliness alone, the mouth would "have to be constantly aseptic. As "this is practically impossible, a small "quantity of good chewing-gum after "a meal will induce a long-continued "flow of saliva, most efficacious in "destroying the numbers of tooth-"destroying bacteria."

Another of these facts has to do with digestion. The regular use of Wrigley's is exceedingly good for the digestion.

The reason is the same as in the case of teeth—because Wrigley's stimulates an extra flow of saliva. This extra flow assists materially in the first stage of digestion, called by scientists the "salivary stage."

Use Wrigley's because you like it and give it to the children because they like it.

But don't forget that the use of Wrigley's is a really beneficial aid to health — in two important ways.

And don't forget to use Wrigley's after every meal—because that is when it does the most good.

WRIGLEY'S

CHEWING SWEETS

W1/143

SPEARMINT, 6 bar packets, 2d. P.K.—4 sugar-coated peppermint pellets—1d. per packet.

After every meal

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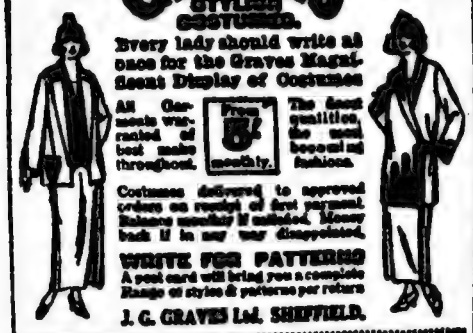

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes

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Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS!
A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN.

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest, surest, and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIK-WIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Synovitis, Cramp, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Burns, or by any kind of muscular strain, VIK-WIK is the finest pain-killing curative Liniment known. VIK-WIK has instant and lasting effect. VIK-WIK is different, and better than anything else. It succeeds where everything else has failed. Why not try it?

VIK-WIK is a non greasy liquid balm: it is pain-killing, healing, curative, and antiseptic: nothing else known has the same power of relieving pain and reducing swelling. When applied it at once produces a delightful and lasting sensation of ease and coolness. VIK-WIK will not irritate or burn the most sensitive skin. Therefore, if you suffer from any kind of pain, go to your Chemist and get a bottle to try.

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Vik-wik is a necessity in all cases of Influenza. It gives instant relief to the aching limbs and joints and the throbbing burning head of the sufferer.

PRICE 1/3 PER BOTTLE

or Family size 3s., from Boots' (600 branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrod's and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the Vik-wik Co., Desk 4, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

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RHEUMATISM	CHILBLAINS	LUMBAGO
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SORE THROAT	CRAMP	STIFF NECK
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WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 20/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed

10/- NOW

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Complete range of Models
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BABY CARS from 54/-.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY,

On Approval.

CARRIAGE PAID.
Retail Profits Saved.
Cash or Easy Terms

Send now for Free Art Catalogue.

DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 134), Coventry.

Less than ½d. a Mile

This is the cost of running a Ner-a-Car.

Here is proof from a Ner-a-Car owner:—

"I have just worked out my expenses for the year January 1st, 1923, to January 1st, 1924, and for *over 5000 miles* running I have only spent £8, which includes petrol, oil, a new sparking plug and garage. I do not think anyone can call a Ner-a-Car an expensive pleasure."—(Miss) H. L.

YOU WANT TO ECONOMISE. BUY A NER-A-CAR AND SAVE ON YOUR TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

£57 10 0 *Carriage Paid Ready for the Road.*

Cash or Deferred Terms arranged.

Let us send you our interesting illustrated art catalogue B free.

THE SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX CO., Dept. B, Ner-a-Car Works, Caskery Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

Perfect Shoe Wear at lowest Cost.

Phillips 'President'

Light Rubber Soles . . . Invisible.

Ladies' 2/- pair. . . Men's 3/- pair.

From all Bootmakers.

RYDERS GARDEN BOOK *for* 1½D.

£1,100 offered in CASH PRIZES

THIS is Ryders New Seed Catalogue of 136 pages, and is the most interesting they have produced. It contains four coloured plates, after paintings by the most famous of all flower artists, Miss Winifred Walker. There are also seventy-five illustrations, in black and white, of Ryders Novelties in Flowers and Vegetables. The New White Sweet Pea, "Joan Ryder," is the finest of all Whites, and is indispensable to all who exhibit. The Cash Prizes of £1,100 for Flowers and Vegetables raised from Ryders Seeds are of great interest. The Competition is so simply arranged that everyone even with the smallest garden can compete.

The Dancing Fairy Flowers (Columbines.)

The Dancing Fairy Flowers (Aquilegias) are illustrated by a charming reproduction of a photograph, and a delightful little poem by Miss Rose Fyleman, the celebrated writer of fairy poems.

All Ryders Seeds are of highest quality, and at popular prices. Everyone who has a garden should see this Catalogue.

Those who wish to have a copy of this Catalogue are requested to fill in the Coupon at the foot of this announcement. Fill in the Coupon with your name and address, place it in an envelope, tuck in the flap—do not fasten it down—address the envelope to Ryders, St. Albans, place a ½d. stamp on the envelope, and post it at once. You will receive the Catalogue post free by return. Please write clearly, preferably in block letters.

The number of copies being limited, readers are advised to post the Coupon, clearly filled in, without a moment's delay.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD., Seed Merchants, ST. ALBANS.

PLEASE SEND 1924 GARDEN BOOK POST FREE TO

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No other enclosure must be placed in the envelope, and nothing written on this coupon but your name and address. *John Bull*

COMPANY MEETING.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

Steady and Continued Progress

The ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was held on Feb. 13th at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Dr. Charles Carpenter, M.Inst.C.E. (the President), in the chair.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen,—A perusal of the report will have prepared you for what must be the dominant note of the remarks I propose to make this afternoon—namely, that while the year has been for us an uneventful one, its record is indicative of a steady and continued progress. The chief causes which have contributed to this result are two-fold. In the first place there has been a resumption in South London of activity in house building, which has been, more or less, in abeyance by reason of the war and the unsettled condition of affairs following therefrom. I mention this first as a factor in our increased business, because it is, I think, generally recognised as a sign of returning prosperity among the community at large, as well as being indicative of a revival of trade. Despite coal strikes, railway strikes, unrest among dockers and transport workers, to name a few such disturbances, South London has had its full and uninterrupted gas supply for over one-third of a century. The other qualification for popularity is undoubtedly that of cheapness. This has been our constant aim, and combined with the maintenance of a high and constant quality, may be stated to form the main basis of our general policy towards our customers.

CORDIAL RELATIONS WITH EMPLOYEES.

Cordial relations with our employés of all grades continue uninterruptedly—a highly gratifying condition having regard to the constantly recurring disputes in the industrial world. In this we share with the public a reward engendered by the growth of a spirit of goodwill and mutual understanding resulting from the policy followed by this Company in its dealings with Labour for upwards of three-quarters of a century. For it is as long ago as the year 1842, the date in fact of its incorporation, that the Company, in the interest of the social welfare of its employees, founded a Sick Fund, followed a few years later by a Superannuation Fund, both on a mutual contributory basis. Many thousands of men have in the interval received benefits from these funds and have appreciated the advantages attending an economical, yet efficient, administration of them.

SUCCESS OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The Co-partnership, founded over a third of a century ago, increases in strength and importance as the years pass. Under the scheme the Co-partnership workers benefit in that they have security of employment for definite periods, together with a share of what surplus profits may result from carrying on the business. They also have a voice in matters relating to working conditions, questions affecting wages, and, as you know, elect by ballot three of their fellow employees to the directorate, and thus share in the responsibilities pertaining thereto.

Now it is important to bear in mind that these privileges are enjoyed as the result of a mutual understanding between Labour, on the one hand, and Capital on the other: Could there be a clearer proof that, where freedom exists, friendly relations between both can be firmly established and happily continued? (Hear, hear.)

Turning again to the report, it goes on to deal with the dividends on stocks. The suggested payment of 5% per cent. on the ordinary stock may be looked upon as hardly all that might have been anticipated, especially remembering the past ten lean, and some very lean, years, when most other industries were allowed, and even encouraged, to make large profits. But in putting forward the proposal the all-important duty has been that of restoring the undertaking to at least its pre-war stability, and if the immediate present would appear to be in any degree unsatisfying, the advantage to the undertaking of proceeding cautiously will undoubtedly redound to its advantage in the future. This self-same policy is reflected in building up the reserve fund upon which we had to draw largely during the war, and putting it upon a basis comparable with altered circumstances. The report was unanimously adopted.

Motoring for the Million.

The Poor Man's 'Bus

by MOTOMAC

ANOTHER new era in motoring. Henry Ford has departed from the old Blue-Black. His £110 standard four-seater is now delivered in Empire Grey, fittings in nickel. Body, British built, slung about three inches lower, all to bring the car into conformity with modern taste.

Some of our leading makers may dismiss the phenomenon with a jibe, "mass" production, and go their own sweet way, but if they could know of the hundreds who would start motoring at a capital outlay of £100, but who will never become motorists at all if they have first to find £300, their business instincts might be aroused to cater for them. The trouble for the poor motorist with Fords, etc., is that the tax and expense of running are too high.

There is a fine chance yet for a 10 h.p. British Ford-type of car, and if we don't produce it here, it will be produced "over there." My contention is that we should do it first, even if we have to sink some of our pride in appearance.

WHEN all is said and done, he has transport and tariff troubles from which we are free. His wages bill is no less. He fixes a price at which a car is bound to sell in bulk, and works down to it. When we want to make a cheaper model we pare here, and cut there, the existing type. When it is put in the market, and sells then we manufacture, but we take no risks.

We never get the bulk turn-out, mainly because we have never yet prepared for it. I know all the arguments that can be stated against this theory, and I also know that everyone of them, except that of population, has been overcome by Henry Ford, and I refuse to believe that Britain cannot produce a Henry Ford.

We have already adopted mass production. Every car produced in quantity is produced on that principle, but so far we have mass produced a higher grade. Of course we know that where it can be afforded a car with personality will always be preferred, otherwise the Rolls factory in U.S.A. would be idle. I am only pleading that somewhere soon, a real car for the million, will be produced in British shops.

IN the Morris Cowley we already have something better in its way than any foreign competitor. It can't be accepted as a mass-production car, their factory extension is still continuing, but they have gone in for a higher standard of comfort and finish than is absolutely necessary for hundreds of would-be motorists. It may not be for them to cater for such humble needs as the man with £100 only, but it would be gratifying to hear that in some corner of their new works the problem was being worked out. There is room for a winner yet; and I would like it to be home-bred.

There has been so much said about petrol that some of the would-be motorists may have postponed their purchases. They should not worry about it too much if they are buying a small economical car. Something to do thirty-five miles or more to the gallon, they will still go one hundred miles for 5s. 9d. Thirteenpence ha'penny spread over one hundred miles and divided by two or four, is nearly nothing. Amidst pleasures new on the open road the price of petrol is a secondary matter entirely.

* * *

For further particulars of cars and accessories, whether mentioned in this column or not, send a postcard to Motomac at this office.

SENSATIONAL SALE

OF A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF

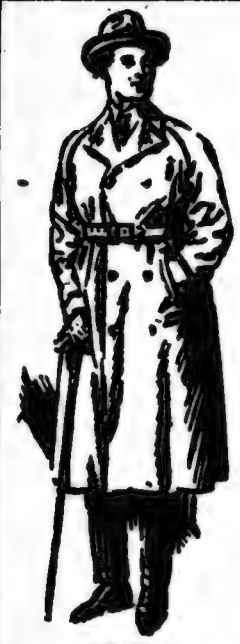
RAINCOATS & WATERPROOFS

The purchase by CURZON BROS. of the entire stock of the LONDON TRENCH COAT CO., of 48, Strand. constitutes a BIG DEAL, and the public are offered the ADVANTAGE of these GREAT BARGAINS. The London Trench Coat Co. were noted for their EXCELLENT Quality and Value, and CURZONS are able to offer their goods at PRICES MUCH BELOW Cost of Production.

The Goods can ONLY be obtained by POST, as the Stock is not sufficient to be distributed among our numerous Shops.

SEND YOUR ORDER BY POST under Curzon's well-known Guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not more than pleased with your purchase.
NO PATTERNS CAN BE SENT.

The Famous
4-in-1
Triple-proofed
GABARDINE TRENCH COAT
Fawn or Navy Blue.
Check lined— Rubber lined—with detachable Wool lining.
The Coat for a Lifetime.
The "All the Year Round" Coat.
CURZON'S SALE PRICE
30/9
(As originally sold at 70/-)
This Coat is guaranteed to be equal or better in quality to many now being sold at much higher prices.



GENT'S FAWN GABARDINE D.P. Trench Coat CURZON'S SALE PRICE **24/9** Worth 42/-
Smart Check Lined, Superfine quality material. Well tailored.
No Rubber.

D.B. Mackintosh
TRENCH COAT
Fawn or Navy Blue.
Check Rubber lined
With Detachable Wool Lining.
ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF
CURZON'S SALE PRICE
24/9
Worth 42/-

BOYS' & GIRLS' D.B. **TRENCH COATS**
Check Rubber Lined. 27 ins. to 45 ins. long (to fit youngsters from 5 to 17 yrs. of age).
In FAWN or NAVY BLUE
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF
Every seam sewn and covered.
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LITTLE BOYS' AND GIRLS' **CAPES**
with Hoods. Sizes 21 ins. to 33 ins. long. In Navy Blue, Fawn and Grey Shades. Absolutely Waterproof. (Hoods lined Tartan.
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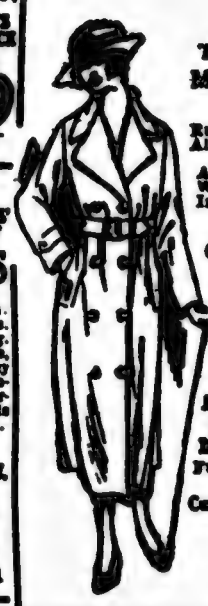

LADIES' D.B. Trench Style **MACKINTOSH COAT**
Rubber Check lined. All seams sewn and covered.
ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.
In Navy or Fawn. Lengths 44 to 52 ins.
Curzon's SALE PRICE
19/9
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LADIES' Black Shiny S.B. Belted **MACKINTOSH**
Full Coat. Lengths 44 to 52 inches.
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MEN'S Mackintosh **TRENCH COAT**
In Fawn or Navy Blue.
Guaranteed thoroughly Waterproof.
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In addition to the stock of Waterproofs there is also a stock of
MEN'S SPORT COATS

(Sizes 34 to 42 inches round chest.) Made from All Wool Irish Tweeds in Grey or Fawn shades
CURZON'S SALE PRICE.
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Worth 25/6

BOYS' **TRENCH COATS**
from 34 inches to 45 inches long). Check lined and Rubber lined. Made from the famous 4-in-1 Fawn Gabardine material. Made with a 1-round Belt and Buckle; with Strap and Buckles on Cuffs.
A Coat that every boy would be proud to wear.
CURZON'S SALE PRICE
22/9
Worth 35/.

All goods are sent Carriage Paid by Parcels Post to your door.
For Men and Boys state height and chest measure over waistcoat.
Ladies please give length of coat and bust measure. **All Orders to:**

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The Famous London Tailors & Outfitters
Post Order Dept.: 35 to 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.4.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

R. M. (Elstow).—"I bet you won't publish the enclosed article." You win.

B. M. (Ledbury).—"Why don't we get busy?" Speak for yourself! We are, always.

C. H. (Guildford).—"It's true I like a glass, but that's my business." Any other business?

J. B. (Durham).—"I believe that we're here to help others." Then what are the others here for?

B. T. (Ashworth).—"I am speaking from experience." You must be very, very young.

D. R. (Wembley).—"Whisky is a first-class remedy for 'flu." But surely 'flu's cheaper?

W. A. (Coventry).—"I wonder what motto guides the shameless profiteers?" Faith, Hope and fifty per cent.

F. L. (Slough).—"The motor-cyclist often finds himself in a tight corner." And is often deservedly fined for being in it.

C. R. (Flitwick).—"I am not a revolutionary myself." Now Dean Inge will be able to sleep peacefully in his bed.

D. D. (Weald).—"When Greek meets Greek—you know the rest." We know they're likely to open a restaurant or something.

F. S. G. (Pinner).—"Is it unlucky to play cards with a cross-eyed person?" Not half so unlucky as to play with a cross-tongued person.

JESSICA (Muswell Hill).—"I don't think the modern business girl is nearly so strait-laced." But a good many of them need bracing up.

F. O. (Peebles).—"The French seem to have adopted a very short-sighted policy." Their ladies certainly are going to adopt a short-skirted one.

M. E. (Southend).—"Seaside landladies on the South-East coast are preparing for a record season." We are grateful for the warning.

E. M. (Baldock).—"Do you think that glasses do really improve the eyesight?" It all depends upon whether they are used above or below the nose.

E. W. (Worcester).—"There are several little wars still going on." They help to take one's mind off the prevailing Peace for a time, anyhow.

F. S. W. (Blackheath).—"Should two people marry on £400 a year?" If they are really fond of each other. If they are not, they should not marry on £4,000 a year.

H. E. W. (Letchworth).—"My fiancée and myself are going to be married by wireless next month." It is wonderful to what wave-lengths some people will go nowadays.

P. G. (Greenfields).—"The young man of to-day must first of all win his spurs." Righto, old cock!

B. S. (Newport).—"The country must put its house in order." But it must have the houses first.

W. B. (Southend).—"Don't follow the path trodden by Russia." No fear, it's too muddy.

W. J. P. (Gloucester).—"Every summer we are simply pestered with flies." And every spring, with, flu?

V. E. (Poole).—"The policy of 'party before people' is obsolete." So are trams—but they're still running.

S. R. (Esher).—"A well-dressed woman deserves credit." Whereas hard-hearted dressmakers force her to pay cash.

F. C. (Brentham).—"I write this because I feel I owe a debt to the public." It's certainly more of a debt than a credit.

G. L. (Weaste).—"I like to give you a quiet dig if possible." And we just love it so long as you're not a grave digger.

C. F. (Molesey).—"I feel you will forgive me writing to you when you have read my letter." Case dismissed with a caution.

O. S. (Bexhill).—"Experience shows that dilution means trouble." On the contrary trouble comes when it is not diluted.

S. M. (Walsall).—"Many motorists have not the manners of pigs." But those are just the sort of manners road-hogs have.

R. L. (Kendal).—"No wonder birth control is popular with the increasing cost of living!" Certainly a baby is a little dear.

B. R. L. (Lincoln).—"Women's fashions are continually changing, but you never see much change in men's clothes." If you refer to the pockets—correct!

T. C. (Bradford).—"You don't realise the poverty in which some people have to live." We do realise it. We are always trying to alter it. But we need some help!

D. M. C. (Hull).—"I notice that seven hundred and twenty-two telephone operators left to be married last year." Speaking from experience, we'll wager that's the *wrong number*.

L. O. (Bungay).—"I know a fine cure for Whitehall wasters." Sure it's not a sinecure?

B. Y. (Hackney).—"It is not recorded that Adam dug in the Garden of Eden." No; golf came later.

T. D. (Dewsbury).—"I hope you can follow my train of thought." It is on the right lines anyhow.

P. T. (Wishaw).—"I am glad to say I have a model husband." We sincerely hope he keeps working.

A. M. D. (Walton-on-Thames).—"It is necessary to stretch a point occasionally." Are you an angler?

J. N. T. (Reading).—"It is no use crying over spilt milk." Especially if it has been well watered already.

T. B. (Farnborough).—"The views I express hereunder are without prejudice." And, to our mind, without sense.

O. S. (Nuneaton).—"Dreams go by contraries." So now we know how our weather experts get their information.

E. H. (Worcester).—"I am as good a citizen as any other man." Then we bet you've not paid your Income Tax yet.

S. S. (Cheam).—"I make a profession of being a 'Truth-seeker.'" But you manage to conceal the results of your search all right.

G. S. T. (Sevenoaks).—"I find it difficult these days to believe in anything." Yet you wrote to us for advice. That's quite a good start.

J. D. (Poole).—"I want to conquer the world." We hope you will not succeed. The only real thing worth conquering is yourself.

P. R. (Liverpool).—"I am engaged indirectly in the distribution of food." Boy! Ring up Lord Linlithgow and tell him we've caught one!

W. P. N. (Leeds).—"Living-in is not so common in large drapery stores as it used to be." Putting it paradoxically, living-in is dying out?

G. M. (Glossop).—"I have never been able to cry in my life." If you came here and read some of the manuscripts we have to wade through, you would learn to do it beautifully.

W. S. (Catford).—"My husband and I are dabbling in *Bullets*." Well, there's a flood of big prizes this week—what a splash you could make with that £1,000.

R. D. K. (LIENDON).—"I have been a poultry farmer for over fifty years." Then clearly you are no chicken.

PETER PAX (Witham).—"I am not afraid to call a man a liar to his face." Probably you're a good runner.

E. G. (Brentford).—"Do you believe in Labour?" Yes, for everybody. And hard labour for some.

S. P. (Balmuith).—"I think every single girl should have a hobby." And every married one a hubby.

N. V. R. (Shotts).—"The new Cabinet is no better than middling." So long as it isn't muddling, why worry?

K. L. (Mitcham).—"We hear a lot of senseless talk about beer." Yes, sir! and it is mostly all froth.

W. W. (Watford).—"I am coming round to your way of thinking." Then you've had a turn for the best.

A. M. R. (Aberavon).—"Sunday is the only day I enjoy." How can that be? We come out on Wednesdays.

BON (Taplow).—"My fiancée will laugh at the most simple thing." She is evidently beginning to know you.

JOS. J. (Wickford).—"Far too many people live beyond their station." Then they must be on the road to ruin.

J. N. J. (Boscombe).—"What becomes of the thousands of men who are ruined by horses?" Many of them just go to the dogs.

G. K. (Willterton).—"My husband always swears when I call him up in the morning." It must be a very rude awakening.

J. F. (Dorking).—"It seems that the price of new houses is still going up." Whilst most of the slum property is tumbling down.

P. S. (Ascot).—"Remember that a large section of your readers are Public School men." Never mind, they'll live it down in time.

S. A. (Felixstowe).—"I *should* have a surprise if I saw my poem printed in JOHN BULL." Your surprise would be shared by thousands.

D. F. (Neston).—"Many Bookmakers are offering increased odds in order to attract punters." Which is certainly a change for the bettor.

W. S. (Bury).—"I have bought a second-hand car for ten pounds, and I intend spending my holidays on it." You ought to have a rattling time.

V. H. (Doncaster).—"The man who makes his way in the world is, nine times out of ten, the self-contained man." Sounds like a flat to us.

J. T. (Mansfield).—"Americans are all money grabbers, they think only of their hip pocket." Quite so! That's where they carry their flasks!

W. R. T. (Coventry).—"There are so many —— laws these days we have to keep within." And so many —— things we have to do without.

J. D. O. (Dundee).—"The big business magnate is all mechanism, he is a kind of human motor car." Most of them are commercial bodies, anyhow.

M. H. (Skipton).—"Many people prefer their drink to their principles." Which accounts for the ease with which so many people swallow their principles.

J. W. (Tring).—"After weeks at sea, seamen are apt to lose their heads the minute they touch port." Which just shows that they should stick to good old four ale.

W. A. (Luton).—"Notwithstanding all the criticism, it is the girl who has had her hair shingled who first attracts the attention of the other sex at dances." Well! well! shingled girls first!

Many replies unavoidably held over).

Straight from the Shoulder

BERNARD SHAW:—Nobody ever wants to see a practical business man again within a hundred miles of Downing Street.

Sounds clever and means nothing. We want to see business heads, political instinct, and human feeling in combination.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE:—Lord Curzon's courage is soft coal.

Personalities are not sound argument. Have you never heard the story of the pot and kettle?

* * *

LORD BEAVERBROOK:—The language of Labour politicians differing among themselves, is not distinguished by a nice restraint.

Neither is the language of Lord Beaverbrook differing with his Party or with the "Morning Post." Talk sense or keep quiet.

M. POINCARE:—For foreigners to impute warlike designs to France is to carry ignorance to absurdity.

We suppose the fact that you have helped to arm half Europe, occupied the Ruhr, and dreamed of a Black Empire is mere rumour?

* * *

LADY ASTOR:—Disarm, but don't play with the British Navy.

By all means speak if you wish, but unless you can improve on this don't interfere where men's work is concerned.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH:—You cannot achieve legislation on an heroic scale when you are in a permanent minority.

But you can achieve results that will speedily turn a minority into a majority. Don't you think you were a little hasty in saying "permanent"?

£100 "SPACELETS" PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION

FOR A CORRECT SOLUTION, OR NEAREST

A COMPLETE CONTEST EVERY WEEK

HOW TO WIN THIS PRIZE

The Coupon below shows a portion of a letter supposed to have been written by a commercial traveller. It contains five blank spaces in which you have to write the words you think have been omitted. The Puzzle Pictures at the top of the Coupon, numbered to correspond with the spaces, will help you. Each blank space may represent one, two, or three omitted words. In checking the solutions, each wrong word, each word omitted, and each superfluous word will count as one mistake.

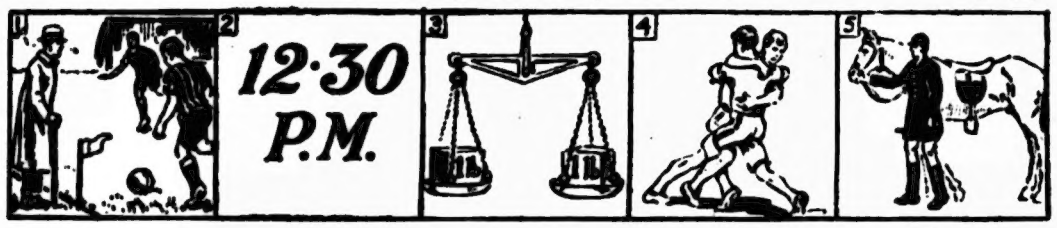
The space left on the Coupon must not be taken as any indication of the number of words omitted. When you have solved the pictures and filled in the spaces, add your name and address, pin stamps to the value of 3d. in the place indicated, and forward your entry to "Spacelets" No. 4, Cassell's Competition Dept., 32-36, Fleet Lane, E.C.4, marking the envelope "Puzzle" in top left-hand corner. Entries must reach us by Wednesday, February 27th.

YOU MAY USE THIS COUPON FOR ONE EFFORT

Other Coupons will be found in the current issues of "Cassell's Saturday Journal" and "The P.M." Published Every Monday.

CUT HERE

"SPACELETS" No. 4 *J B.*



In this district they are very keen on (1).....
I went to see a local match yesterday (2)..... The teams were (3)..... and the result was a fine (4).....and a draw. One of the forwards, named (5)....., played clever football.

I agree to regard the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

PIN 3d. in Stamps HERE

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

CUT HERE

STUDY THESE RULES.

1. The Prize of £100 will be awarded to the sender of a solution agreeing exactly with the one in the Editor's possession. In the event of no correct solution being received, the Prize of £100 will be awarded to the one which in the Editor's opinion is nearest correct.
2. The Editor has the right to divide the prize, when no competitor will receive more than one share.
3. Competitors may send in any number of attempts, but each must be made on a separate coupon from this paper, the "P.M." or "Cassell's Saturday Journal," and accompanied by 3d. in stamps. Coupons without the entrance fee will be disqualified.
4. Each coupon will be regarded as a separate solution.
5. No responsibility can be accepted for any coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be regarded as proof of delivery or receipt.
6. In the event of a scrutiny revealing any error in the award as published, the Editor claims the right to amend it.
7. The Editor has the right to disqualify any competitor for what he may consider good and sufficient reason, and his decision regarding any question relating to this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding by all competitors.
8. No correspondence can be entered into respecting this competition.

£750 CASH FOOTBALL PRIZE

10 RESULTS ONLY MUST BE WON

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL 2D. EVERY MONDAY.

Meltis 2d. CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOWS

A very delicious Confection.

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 23-2-24. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward Direct from Our Looms to your address one of our "Fred-nino" Brussels

Real Seamless Woven

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

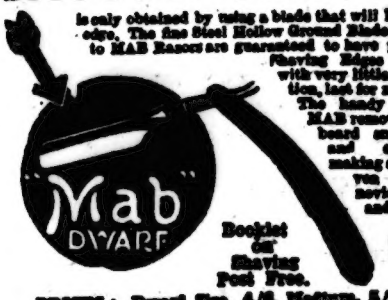
12/6

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sent during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Ring to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free. If mentioning John Bull, 23-2-24 when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd. City of Leeds.

SMOOTH SHAVING

is only obtained by using a blade that will hold its edge. The fine Steel Hollow Ground Blades fitted to MAB Razors are guaranteed to have perfect Shaving Edges which, with very little attention, last for months. The handy little MAB removes the beard smoothly and cleanly, making shaving easy to the novice, easy and safe to the expert.



Booklet on Shaving Post Free.

2/6

PRICES: Dwarf Size, 4/6. Medium, 5/6. Pairs in Cases, 12/6, 14/6. The Mab Complete Shaving Outfit, 20/-

Of all Dealers or Post Free from MAB CO., 70C, NEWHALL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Rheumatism, Sciatica Neuralgia, Gout, relieved quickly.

ZOX-BALM

Send Postcard for Pamphlet and read about Zox-Balm—or get a 1/3 or 2/6 tube from your Chemist to-day. If difficulty in obtaining sent Post Free for 1/3 by

The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

ANOTHER £1,000 TRIUMPH

for a reader of the

"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"

Mr. Wm. Flower, of Halifax, winner of £1,000 "BULLETS" No. 510, writes:—

"I have been a reader of the 'C. J.' for 8 months. I wish it had been 8 years."

Since the beginning of the year readers of the "C.J." have won the following FIRST PRIZES, proving that the paper is of great value to all competitors:—

FIRST PRIZE	"TRUMPS" 74	- -	£300
FIRST PRIZE	"BULLETS" 500	- -	£2,000
FIRST PRIZE	"BULLETS' 505	- -	£1,000
FIRST PRIZE	"FOURSOMES" 42	-	£300
FIRST PRIZE	"BULLETS" 507	- -	£500
FIRST PRIZE	"FOURSOMES" 43	-	£500
FIRST PRIZE	"TRUMPS" 79	- -	£300
FIRST PRIZE	"BULLETS" 510	-	£1 000
	Making a total in First Prizes only of		£5,900

The "C.J." ADVISORY SCHEME has been the means of putting hundreds of competitors in the Prize Lists. Full details of this scheme appear every week in the "C.J."

The Competitors' Journal is on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls every Saturday, price **2d.** To be sure of your copy, **ORDER** it. If you experience any difficulty in getting the "C.J.," send a post-card to the Publisher, at the address below, and a Free Copy will be sent you, Post Free, by return.

Address all communications to THE PUBLISHER,

"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL,"

115, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE DARK ANGEL INTERVENES

A Story of Work that came Too Late

LIVING in a cottage in the Isle of Wight is a young widow with three little children. The story of her bereavement is one of the most pathetic we have known. It is a story of a long struggle against adversity, of hopes deferred and death intervening to break a sick heart.

Her husband left the Army in 1918, and for five years sought in vain for employment. He obtained odd jobs, and contrived to keep his home together and preserve an outward appearance of respectability, but often the family were short of food, and it was quite impossible to save anything.

His health became undermined by his prolonged privations, and a month ago he was compelled to take to his bed. That very day he received a telegram informing him that there was an appointment awaiting him in Portsmouth.

Alas, the work for which he had been hoping for so long came too late. He lingered between life and death for three weeks, but his constitution was so weakened that he was unable to rally, and he passed away, leaving his widow and children as a legacy to the nation in whose service he had spent his strength.

Can you imagine the plight of this poor woman? She is left totally unprovided for. Though still in the early thirties, she is scarcely strong enough to go out and work, and her three children are little more than babies.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund is supplying immediate necessaries. This is but one of many cases for which our assistance has been solicited during the past week. Our efforts to alleviate distress are limited by the extent of your subscriptions. There are many such which we would like to help, but the state of the Fund does not permit.

We appeal to those who have comfort, if not luxury, to spare us a little week by week that we may brighten more homes overshadowed by despair.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

W. A. T., 6d.; E. Tucker, 3d.; H. J. W., 4d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "H'smith," 6d.; "Stockwell," 1s.; L. S. Blackley, 2s.; Mrs. Woolfe, 2s.; "Horatio's Leavings," 4s. 3d.; "Peak," 10s.; R. H., 1s, 5d.; "From Jimmie," 10s; W. C. Thorn, 1s.; E. Bartlett, 1s.; "Widnes," 1s.; "A Competitor," 6d.; M. Little, 1s.; "Thrifty," parcel; E. P., parcel; B. Russell, parcel; L. C., parcel; "Ashton," 1s. 3d.; Mrs. Hardaker, 1s. 3d.; E. Purkiss, 6d.; M. B. H., 1s.; "A Fricod," 10d.; "999," 1s. 4d.; A. I. F., 7d.; W. Granger, 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Anon., three letters, Gt. Ormond St. Hospital; H. B., 6d.

R. W. Ward, 4s. 3d.; "From Me," 2s.; P. R. P., 2s.; "Chilbolton Ninth," 2s. 6d.; G. Pitches, 6d.; "Manilardo," 2s.; R. E. S., 1s. 3d.; "Bellringer," 10s.; T. G. B., 4s.; W. J. Johnson, 2s. 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; F. H. Deathe, 5s.; F. Waddington, 1s.; H. B., 6d.; "Shakur," 1s.; I. B. S. Masole, 1s.; "Third Prize Winner, 509," £2 10s.; E. M., 7d.; G. D. J., 1s. 6d.; "Odd Threepennies," 4s.; "To the Less Fortunate," 2s. 6d.; "Ninth" (Blackburn), 10d.; H. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; W. Martin, 10d.; "Ekiw," 4s. 6d.; J. H. Dunbar, junr., 5s.; W. G. Goss, 6d.; H. E. May, 2s. 2d.; J. Stephen, 1s. 3d.; E. M. Jones, 3d.; "Banham," 2s.; Mrs. G. Kirkley, 5s. 6d.; "A Mother's Birthday Mite," 1s.; T. J. Gorlson, 1s.; Mrs. G. Grubb, 1s.; "Silent Knight," 1s.; W., £1; "Baron O.," 2s. 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; Z., £1; H. C. Newman, 1s.; "Spiros," 3s. 4d.; J. Corrin, 2s. 6d.; "Alleb," 2s.; C. W. H. (Ceylon), 1 rupee; "A Ninth for Luck," 2d.; M. A. G. Agra, 14s.; "Bullets Winner," 2s. 6d.; A. Chorlton, 2s. 6d.; J. Knott, 2s. 6d.; G. E., 2s.; H. Ridge, 6d.; "T. B.'s Ninth," 6d.; E. Ardee, 6s.; "Ninth" (Richmond), 9s. 4½d.; "Pettred," parcel; Mrs. R. Bushnell, 1s.; G. Newton (Central India), 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 6d.; E. Purkiss, 4d.; Joe K. (Motherwell), 7s.; Miss C. Bush, 1s.; J. W., 1s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; J. H. (Glasgow), 2s.; "A Worried Middle-class Mother," 6½d.

A. B. W., £5 (acknowledged in J.B., Feb. 9). With Compts., H. B., 6d.; Widnes, 6d.; Guildford, parcel; Melton Mowbray, 2s.; Mrs. H. Glover, 2½d.; "Lyric," 2s. 6d.; "Struggler's Ninth," 4½d.; S. G. C. (Sheffield), 4s. 3d.; (*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

Going like a blue streak!

The new "PASSING SHOW" is making faster strides than ever before. The wonderful cover in colours started the rush. No wonder it is selling as a humourist weekly never sold before. Look who's here: G. K. Chesterton, K. R. G. Browne, Will Scott, Herbert Farjeon, Will Owen, Law on Wood. But . . . hurry if you want a copy.

The new PASSING SHOW 2d

Every Saturday.

A "FIVER" FOR A POSTCARD

"PASSING SHOTS" FREE Competition

A splendid opportunity for "Bullets" competitors to exercise their skill and make money. No entrance fee. Simply send in your "Passing Shot" on a postcard. YOU may win £5. There are over a hundred valuable prizes. Full particulars in next Saturday's new "PASSING SHOW"—on sale everywhere, 2d.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 511.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. JAMES McWHIRTER, 245, Glasgow Road, Clydebank.

Example:—OUR OPINION
Bullet:—ROTHERMERE "WANTS TO GOVERN."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. L. G. ELLIS, 1, Cremer Street, Leicester.
Example:—NEEDED IN PARLIAMENT
Bullet:—IDEAS—NOT SUIT DEARS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. E. REDHEAD, 12, Myers Road East, St. Crosby, Liverpool.
Example:—OUR OPINION
Bullet:—ONLY, WON'T STOP PROFITEERING.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. J. FORSTER, 37, Field Road, Thorne, Nr. Doncaster.
Example:—LITTLE WONDER
Bullet:—"ESCAPES" FROM BORSTAL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon).

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. ALBERT HAY, c/o Crighton, 193, Rosemount [illegible] Place, Aberdeen.
Example:—OUT OF SIGHT
Bullet:—THIS YEAR, WIDOWER'S CHILDREN.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. S. WHITEHORNE, 16, High Avenue, Letchworth, Herts.:
NEEDED IN PARLIAMENT—SANE SESSION—NOT SENSATION.

Mrs. E. WILSON, 1, Rock Grove, Rock St., Kemp Town, Brighton:
IN THE PRESS—CRIMINAL FOLLOWS HIS PURSUERS.

Mrs. G. FINDEN, 25, Frithville Gardens, London, W.:
COOLING OFF—OVERHEARD HER CHEEKING MOTHER.

H. LEVENS, East Knapton, Knapton Station, Malton, Yorks.:
EASY CHAIR—PEDESTAL HASN'T ROOM FOR.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. HOGAN, 136A, Cavendish Rd., Balham, S.W.:
OUR OPINION—DEMPSEY DESERVES PEACE PRIZE.

Mrs. P. LEIGH, 2, Back Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness:
WON'T LAST LONG—ALLIANCE BRED OF FEAR.

W. H. WILLIAMS, 3, Graham Rd., Lower Easton, Bristol:
STATE WE'RE IN—SONNY'S ATLAS CLEARLY SHOWS.

T. MATTHEWS, 4, Albert Mansions, 175, Stockwell Road, S.W.:
SWEETS OF OFFICE—LABOUR'S "CUTTING TEETH" ON.

A. S. CLARK, 3, Meigle Street, Galashiels, N.B.:
MAN OF ACTION—OVERALL—THEN OVER ALL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

P. HALL, 10, Glebe Road, Norwich:
WON'T LAST LONG—CLERKS HOPE RAMSAY'S PUNCTUALITY.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. J. WRIGHT, 30, Bartonhall Row, Waterloo, Wishaw, Lanarkshire.
MAN OF ACTION—WATCHES CLOCK—AT MEALTIMES.

S. MASKELL, 314, High Street, Chatham:
QUACK REMEDY—FOR POVERTY, DESTROYING WEALTH.

J. CURRIE, 95, Longford Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester:
AFTER STRIKING—IN SYMPATHY, GETTING NONE.

ALFRED COX, 42, The Avenue, March, Cambs.:
PLENTY—DISCOVERED—AFTER REMNANT SOLD.

C. EDWARDS, 26, Phoebe Ann Street, Liverpool:
FAIR PLAY—IF BOTH ARE FLIRTS.

Mrs. E. TAGG, 18, Fernside Road, Balham, S.W.:
FAVOURED FEW—NEW SHOP'S FIRST CUSTOMERS.

F. J. NORTON, 67, Brookfield Avenue, Walthamstow, E.:
HIS CHANCE—CUP FINAL'S AFFORDING PROFITEER.

E. RENNUS, 27, Seaforth Road, Seaforth, Liverpool.
ALMOST EXTINCT—CHIVALRY—ISN'T MAN'S FAULT.

F. GREENWOOD, 23, Woodrow Forest, Melksham, Wilts.
PULLING THE STRINGS—SLUM YOUNGSTER STEERING CAR.

F. RICHARDS, 72, Wells Road, Nottingham.
LITTLE WONDER—TALKED—NEIGHBOURS NOW STRANGERS.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. Adair, 18, Springdale Gdns., Belfast; A. Aitken, 7, Canon St., Edinburgh; K. Alder, 78, Woodville Rd., Thornton Heath; C. J. Allen, 67, St. John's Rd., Upper Holloway; J. Allenby, 25, Victoria St., Ely, Cambs.; W. Apperton, 8, Woodcock St., Hull; R. Archer, 90, Thornton St., Dewsbury; G. H. Armitage, 70, King St., Normanton; J. S. Aynsley, 13, Musgrave St., Penrith; E. T. Baker, 310, Whippendell Rd., Watford; W. Batty, Higham Lane, Barugh Green, Barnsley; J. L. Baxter, 38, Harrowdene Rd., Knowle, Bristol; D. Blair, 58, South Rd., Newhaven, Sussex; R. W. Bonny, 6, Westmoreland Av., Blackpool; M. S. Brewer, 38, King's Rd., Gosport; Mrs. J. Burge, 23, Kelvedon St., Wigan; M. Callaghan, 12, West Leeds St., Keighley; H. Callund, 38, Blythop Av., Lytham, Lancs.; T. Cave, 118, Station Rd., Langley Mill, Notts.; W. Copeland, 62, Francis St., Middlesbro'-on-Tees; Miss O. Davage, 40, Trinity St., Frome; R. Dennis, 18, Herbert Pl., Dublin; F. Dolding, Evelyn Cottage, Cannington, Bridgwater; H. H. Dowse, 20, Clarence St., Bridlington; G. Driver, c/o N. P. Bank, 91, Cove St., Bristol; Mrs. A. Evans, 39, Rainham Rd., Kensal Green; A. T. Faulkhall,

(Continued on page 4)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 514.

RAMSAY'S JOB
FOR OUR GOOD
GOVERNMENT PROMISES
PLAIN SAILING
YOUTH
WHEN BILL ARRIVES
DROP IN THE OCEAN
NOT SATISFYING
AT ANY PRICE
EXTRAVAGANT
A ROUGH DIAMOND
MODERN NEWSPAPER
CLEARING THE AIR
POWERFUL WEAPON
ABSURD
MY LANDLORD
MAKING A NOISE
GOING OUT
LOVE IN A COTTAGE
A WISE WOMAN
OUT IN THE COLD
JACK JONES
ONE TOO MANY
IN POPLAR
A GOOD HOUSE
WHEN WORKING
POWER OF THE PRESS
SHORT AND SWEET
LAST HOPE
CATCHING HIS EYE
SPRING FASHIONS
IN FRONT RANK
OUR GROCER
FULL DRESS
LEAP YEAR
FURNISHING
FIRST WHISPER
IN THE MOONLIGHT
WHEN STRIKE STARTS
AT THE CLUB

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 510 can now be seen in the window of Mr. H. E. CAMPBELL, Stationer & Newsagent, 169 Mixley Hill, Hallfax.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—WHAT LABOUR WILL DO *Bullet*:—LEAD ON—ON LEAD. *Example*:—MY AMBITION *Bullet*:—ONCE HOLIDAY—NOW WORK. *Example*:—MAKES US THINK *Bullet*:—"SCALES" REMOVED FROM SIGHT. With one coupon send postal order for 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 514, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 6.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(514) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 515.

NEW MINISTER—SQUEEZING—HEARD TOO OFTEN—ROUSHING IT—PRECIOUS JEWEL—A KITTEN—KNOCKED OUT—FIRST TRY—HESITATING—A FIXTURE—LEADING THE WAY—FREEDOM—LIKE MAGIC—WHAT ONE LIKES—AWKWARD QUESTION—IN DOUBLE HARNESS—ABOUT TIME—SLIPPERY—SOON CURED—LIFE OF LUXURY.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 13.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **515**, in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed **"BULLETS" No. 515**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons must not contain any of the forty Examples for Competition No. 514.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 511 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Nerves

"Nerves" are the curse of civilisation. Do YOU suffer from Nerves? If so, take Dr. Cassell's Tablets; you will feel better next morning.

The terrible torture of nervous indisposition is only understood by those who suffer it. Unfortunately nervous maladies are becoming widespread. But there is one remedy which never fails to alleviate the distressing symptons, Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Commence a course at once; they will drive away depressing thought, melancholy but unnecessary worry, nervous heart flutterings and all the agonising symptoms of neuras henia. Thousands have benefited from the use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. You can take them with supreme confidence, for neither babe, child nor adult can use them without experiencing benefit.

Mr. A. T. Williams' Statement:

Mr. A. T. Williams, 10, Upper Range Road, East Milton, Gravesend, says: "About two years ago I began to be very nervy, couldn't sleep and never wanted to eat. I got so bad in fact that I was afraid to go out. So I gave up work, and had advice, but the medicines prescribed did no good. I got worse, so bad at last that I was a danger to myself. I couldn't be trusted with knife and fork, and sometimes my hands had to be strapped together for fear of what I might do. I wanted this done. At last, however, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they did what nothing else had been able to do—soothed me and gave me sleep. After that I soon picked up, got better daily, and now feel fit as ever and quite able for work, thanks to this wonderful medicine."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nerves, Neuralgia, Blood, Breakdown, Neuritis, Weakness, Children's Indigestion, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Worry.

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Home Price, 1/3; Family size, 3/-; of all Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

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